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EARLY YEARS AND LATE REFLECTIONS

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Rev. Emil P. Herbruck, D.D.

EARLY YEARS

— AND —

LATE REFLECTIONS

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BY
EMIL P. HERBRUCK, D. D.

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BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Some of the chapters of this book have appeared serially in the columns of the Christian World. Others have been added, and all are now published in this more permanent and convenient form. The volume has one distinction, if no other, and that is its uniqueness. It is not biography nor auto-biography, not history nor essay, but a combination of reminiscence and reflection. The wide range of its subject matter is amply covered by the unusual latitude of the title. This should be borne in mind by the reader.

Much space is given to the Rev. Peter Herbruck, an influential Stark County pioneer and a conspicuous figure in the early history of the Reformed Church in Ohio. Necessarily there is also somewhat of self-revelation and of the author's philosophy of life. The chapters have a certain chronological but no direct or logical sequence, each forming a complete unit in itself.

The literary work was performed under the handicap of a serious infirmity, and the publication of it was made possible only through the kindness of the pastor and consistory of the Trinity Reformed Church of Canton, to whom grateful acknowledgment is made.

The modest volume is sent forth upon its career with the fervent wish that it may receive a generous reception by the public and escape the fate of many

"Books that are not read,
Save by readers of proof
Forced to do it for bread."

E. P. H.

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I.

THE IMMIGRANT BOY.

As to my personal antecedents the reader is not interested in them except as they are interwoven with the life and history of the Reformed Church in eastern Ohio. My pedigree beyond great-grandparents on either side is not known to me. I have been too busy with the present to spend much time in looking up my ancestry. Besides, that is a futile and a profitless task at any rate. "We are all made of one blood" and ultimately come from the same red clay.

This is not only Scripture teaching, it is good biology as well. Yet we are disposed to blink that fact. Tracing our lineage we pick out some salient figure and pride ourselves on a noble and exclusive heritage. All of which is transcendent folly. Be it remembered that we all have had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and that if we were to carry that back a thousand years, for example, we would have not one ancester, unique and eminent, but a vast multitude, approximately one billion. And that would comprise all the available population of that day. We who have come from European stock literally have the same progenitors, we are indeed "all made of one blood." Why then should we engage in the fool's task of trying to establish a separate and unique line of descent?

It was this pride of birth that James Russell Lowell had in mind when, in his Bigelow Papers, he spoke of persons

"Whose pedigree reaching back to earth's earliest years
Is longer than anything else *but their ears.*"

If prestige be the object aimed at there is not much to be gained by tracing family lineage. Saint Paul had a good reason for his advice to his friend and convert Titus, "Avoid genealogies, for they are unprofitable and vain." He probably had met some ambitious tuft-hunter in his time, who boasted of ancient and noble descent and talked "old family" in a way that was obnoxious. The man who said, "By the grace of God I am what I am" was not much concerned about name and pedigree.

It may be permissible, however, to set forth here a few facts about my revered father, not because he was my father, but because he was one of the fathers of the Reformed Church and a typical pioneer minister. Peter Herbruck came from a Reformed family in that stronghold of the Reformed Church in Germany, the Palatinate.

He early cherished a desire to become a minister, but, as is often the case, saw mountains of difficulty in the way. His father sympathized with the son's desire but was too poor to render much assistance. Amidst sorest privations the lad acquired a modest education, such as would qualify him as a school teacher in his native land. When, at the age of eighteen, he was seized with the passion for emigration to America, a passion quite general at that time, his parents strongly discouraged it.

But in spite of his father's protest and the tearful entreaties of his mother, he, with several companions, departed for this land of promise, in the spring of 1831. The hand of Providence seemed markedly manifest in this undertaking though the young emigrant had a sorry time of it. The voyage, made in an old French sailing vessel, occupied 72 days and was interrupted by a shipwreck, though without loss of life. His experience with his comrades was such that upon arrival at Philadelphia, he preferred to journey alone. Penniless, without a friend and without apparent destination, he started westward on foot.

The first night out of Philadelphia he slept under the open sky. Coming later to Womelsdorf he formed the acquaintance of a large-hearted and sympathetic farmer by the name of Klopp, who secured for him the district school for the winter and gave him hospitable entertainment in his own home. By the following spring he had earned sixty dollars and, besides, possessed a new suit of clothes which father Klopp purchased for him at Reading, asking no compensation save the promise to be "a good boy."

There seemed to be something drawing the young man westward, and he once more took up his journey, solitary and alone, into a new and unknown country. A short distance out from Reading he fell in with a family traveling in a covered wagon, on the side of which was painted in large letters the word "Ohio." In their journey they passed through Wheeling, W. Va., and later came to New Lisbon, O.

At this point the caravan turned northward and

the young immigrant went with them for a few miles but then suddenly changed his mind. Something seemed to tell him he was going the wrong way and despite the earnest solicitation of his comrades he retraced his steps to New Lisbon, and again journeyed toward the setting sun. It is idle to speculate what would have been the effect on the history of the Reformed Church in northeastern Ohio, if at this crucial point Peter Herbruck had gone northward from New Lisbon and had settled in Cleveland as seemed probable. He would thus have antedated the devout and scholarly Dr. Ruetenik at that place about a quarter of a century. Would the Reformed Church in Cleveland have profited by this early start, and would the church at Canton have suffered had the young immigrant not changed his course? It was a divine star that was leading him and he doubtless made the right choice when he parted company with his fellow travelers.

In due season his pilgrimage brought him to Canton, then a village of about a thousand inhabitants. Here he made earnest effort to secure employment but failed. Discouraged, he again took up his journey, but just outside the village, on the banks of the West Nimishillen Creek, he paused, and in a fit of melancholy rested beneath a large oak tree. As was his wont he drew forth his prayer book, for he was a pious lad, and with tearful voice read aloud from its pages. Quite despondent and thoroughly homesick he thought of the friends "beyond the sundering sea," and there came to him especially the fervent words of his mother who so earnestly plead

with him not to go away. It was a testing hour for the lad and he was in the depths. While thus weeping and praying he was accosted by a kindhearted farmer who came by the way. This benevolent man, whose name was Wirt, was a member of the First Reformed Church of Canton. A brief interview, in German, convinced him that the young immigrant was worthy and sincere, and he accordingly invited him to his home about two miles further west along the highway. Through the good offices of his new found friend he secured employment as school teacher and spent some months in the home of his generous benefactor.

By way of parenthesis it is a strange coincidence that the writer is now residing within a stone's throw of the spot where his father taught the district school very nearly a century ago, and that in going back and forth to the city from his suburban home he daily passes the spot, which his father often pointed out to him as his Bethel, the place where an angel of God in human form came to him in the hour of deep despair.

While sojourning in the Wirt homestead the young pedagogue formed the acquaintance of the Rev. Benjamin Faust, the village pastor, who, recognizing his talent, urged him to study for the ministry, and re-enforced his plea by inviting him to his own home for a course of privite instruction in theology. The proposal met with his approval and the young man took up his abode in the Faust residence, a mile east of the village on the Georgetown Road. This course of tuition lasted only three months,

when unfortunately the kind hearted preceptor sickened and died.

But before falling asleep, Rev. Benjamin Faust suggested that his student be made his successor. The suggestion received the sanction of all concerned and accordingly the stripling of only 19 summers became the pastor of the First Reformed Church of Canton.

Thus began Dr. Herbruck's long and romantic pastorate of 53 years. That pastorate was a ministry in the real sense of that word, full of trial and toil and deprivation. Much of the present strength of the Reformed Church in Stark County is due to the arduous labor of this early pioneer.

This sketch of his advent to America is introduced here, not from any family motive or sense of pride, but in the hope that it may be of some interest to readers who love the Reformed Church and would like to know something about the men who were doing fundamental work here in years past. Father Herbruck was one of a half dozen pathfinders of our denomination west of the Alleghenies. Others were David Winters, J. P. Mannenschmidt, Benjamin Faust, Henry Sonnedecker, Charles Zwisler and N. P. Hacke. These heroic fathers endured much and labored loyally for our Reformed faith. What they did is related in a very real and effective way to the undertakings and problems of our day. Perhaps this relation does not always appear on the surface but it is real and essential, nevertheless. Those were true, though paradoxical words spoken by Solomon centuries ago, "That which hath been is

now, and that which is to be hath already been." This is only another way of saying that the present is the result of the past and the future will be the result of the present. There is a continuity and interplay of influences that cannot be ignored. Our years are linked with the years that are gone, and what we do now has its source in the past and will have its outcome in the future.

"That which hath been is now." This is the reason for my telling here the story of the immigrant boy who became a father of the church.

II.

THE MAGIC OF MEMORY.

It was my good fortune to be born and to spend my childhood in the East End of Canton, at a time when this little town was as yet untouched by the grimy hand of material progress, before tall chimneys and belching furnaces covered it with soot and smudge, creating that ugly "black belt" which stretches across its eastern and southern sections. In that early day nature was still unsoiled by the murky tide of civilization, the streams were unpolluted, and the fields untrampled by the hot foot of greedy industry.

The little town nestled in as fine a setting of pastoral scenery as could be found on this western continent. Around it were water-jeweled meadows and emerald hills and great forests whose murmurous sighing in the summer winds, we still seem to hear. The wooden bridge across the limpid Nimishillen, the old red mill, the noisy dam, the race bordered with drooping willows, though long since vanished, still exist in memory's enchanted realm.

As happy a band of youngsters as ever lived strolled through these idyllic haunts without thought of care or coming sorrow. Ah, that was paradise, the paradise of innocent and radiant childhood. It still beckons me out of the golden mists of the long ago. Wouldn't that be a sweet retreat for me from the stress and strain of this workaday life! How

soothing it would be to have time roll me back again into that little corner of Heaven I used to occupy!

But how about that? What has the intellect to say concerning that happier and better time long since gone?

There is an almost universal propensity to regard childhood as the golden age of life and to revert to it fondly after the sterner years have come. A rainbow of enchantment arches our vision as we look backward out of the hard and sombre present. There seems to be an elysium far away in our past, for which we fervently long but to which we can never return. Yet, is this fact or is it fancy? Was the past all sunshine and our childhood an Eden of perpetual delight?

Without wishing to disturb the happy dreams in which we all indulge at times, it may be said that the past was no better than the present, childhood no happier than maturity may be, and that the good old days, the irrevocable days, we talk about so much never really existed. We are the victims of an illusion. A moment of sober thought will make this plain.

The skies are just as blue now as they ever were. The sun is as bright, the hills as green and the brooks as clear as they used to be. Fathers are just as kind and mothers as gentle, love as tender and home as sweet as they were in our childhood. The comforts and privileges we possess are far more helpful and desirable than any we knew in other days.

It is evident that in case we were to go back to

childhood so eagerly yearned for we would have to forfeit many of the things so dear to the mature heart. Which of these would we be willing to surrender? The necessity of making selection would create an embarrassing predicament, one which Oliver Wendell Holmes admirably reveals in his poem:

The Old Man Dreams.

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhoods fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
'If I put touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

'But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?'

'Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!'

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,

'The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!'

'And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years.'

'Why, yes' for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys.'

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
'Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!'

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grad-haired boys.

The ludicrous anomaly of wanting to be a husband, and a youth, a father and a boy at the same time shows the fatuity of our wish for the return of earlier conditions. Were we to be transported to childhood, giving up the attainments and relationships of manhood we would soon regret the hasty exchange and long for the return of our forfeit. The present would have greater charms for us than youth or childhood.

Why then are we so discontented, and why do those early days seem so happy? The explanation is found in the memory. Memory is a dexterous wizard, an expert in mental legerdemain. It plays us a clever little trick just here by deftly smoothing out the wrinkles of the past. It makes us hold on to the pleasant things and forget the unpleasant, it

plays up the favorable and subdues the unfavorable. It gives the past a roseate hue and throws over it a glamour which enthralls us and makes us long for its return.

The chosen people of God were under the spell of this same delusive legerdemain when they yearned for the flesh pots of Egypt. Back of them were the hard bondage, the bricks without straw, the cruel scourge of the taskmaster; before them was the promised land, yet in the testing time they longed for Egypt. All because the flesh pots, the leeks and the onions overshadowed the distress of slavery. They remembered the favorable and forgot the unfavorable things. The Egypt of their past was transformed into a paradise that outshone the Canaan of their future. It was an unprofitable trick of the memory and it made them discontented. Their "good old times" would have become bad old times had they been transported back to Goshen. We, too, would be disillusioned were we taken back to the "olden, golden days" we dream about so much. Paradise does not lie in that direction, paradise is before us.

Yet I would not destroy the illusion which memory has created by throwing a charm over the East End of Canton, where I spent "sweet childhood's days which seemed twice as long as days are now." I am a willing subject to the witchery of memory and can heartily appreciate the lines of Whittier in "The Barefoot Boy."

> "Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
> Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!"

It must not be overlooked that the Barefoot Boy had a constantly enlarging horizon and that, as his horizon grew, added mental and spiritual riches came to him. The "complex problems" of the race attracted his attention and each succeeding decade increased his interest and enthusiasm. The universe confronting him changed into a thrilling puzzle, in the solution of which he became thoroughly absorbed. There is nothing in childhood which compares with the romance of a thoughtful manhood.

There are no olden days like the days we are living in now. There is at least one Barefoot Boy who would sooner live through the next decade than through any decade that has ever swept over this

earth-ball, for it will be a decade in which greater questions will be settled and greater forward strides be made than in any like period in human history. He could wish Time's clock turned back, not that he might be "a child again just for one night," but that he might take a deeper interest and a larger part in the onward sweep of the race. It is an enchanted universe in which we live, and the more we learn about it the greater its magic becomes.

> "Earth's crammed with heaven
> And every bush is aflame with God."

It is wonderful to be living now and life will be still more wonderful to those who succeed us.

III.

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY AND THE MINISTRY AS A CALLING.

Near the parsonage of the First Reformed Church in Canton there lived for many years and still lives an elderly lady of good French Reformed stock. She was a lifelong friend of the Herbruck family and a member of the church. Though in her ninety-third year she has retained her mental faculties to a remarkable degree.

During a recent call at her home the venerable matron became reminiscent, and I beg pardon for introducing here a bit of that conversation. Among other things, she said, "Do you remember when I first met you?" I had to confess that I had no recollection of that important occasion. Then after a short silence, with a whimsical smile on her face, she said: "Well, you could hardly be expected to remember that, for *you were only a week old,* but I remember it distinctly. I had called at the home on the customary visit of congratulation, and, upon my rising to go, your father, who stood at the bedside, said, "We shall make a minister of him, if he doesn't object."

That was the first and only call, or at least the only kind of call, to the ministry I ever received — my father's expressed intention and desire. I never experienced any of the mysterious things that have

indicated to others their destination for the Gospel ministry. I never had dreams in the night time nor did I see visions in the day time. I did not witness signs in the heavens nor hear strange voices in the silence of solitude. I only knew my father wanted me to be a minister. And what better evidence of the divine calling could there be than the wish of a devout father, and that father himself a minister? How could God better convey his will to a child than through the lips of the child's own father? And what communication could be more unmistakable than that?

I have no recollection of that first early announcement of my father's intention to make me a minister, but I heard that same announcement later on, as soon as I was able to hear and understand. In fact I heard it many times throughout my childhood and youth, so that it seemed to me a matter of course that I should enter the ministry. The feeling that God intended me for that sacred office was as positive as though it had been the result of angel whisperings or any other mystical signs from above. My call to the ministry came through the medium of my human father and I never for a moment doubted its genuineness.

When in due season the time came for ordination there was no misgiving about my chosen profession nor about the validity of my ordination. The unhappy liturgical controversy was then at its height. There was much bitter and, at times, unedifying debate. "There were giants in those days"

The Author receiving his first call to the ministry

and they were hurling thunderbolts of argument "East and West." High and low church were at grips and our beloved Zion was in danger of being rent asunder. Incidental to the long controversy there was more or less doubt, on the part of some ministers, as to the validity of our non-episcopal and non-prelatical ordination, but I was not in the least disturbed by any such doubt. When the committee of three laid their hands upon my head and in solemn words set me apart to the sacred office, I was thoroughly satisfied as to the validity of the transaction. To me it was "episcopal" in the New Testament sense of that word, and so far as any "succession" was concerned that question did not discompose me in the least.

Fortunately, the whole unhappy strife, with its *odium theologicum,* subsided years ago and the issue is now as dead as Pharaoh's mummy. The "long spoon" need no longer be used when East and West sup together.

When set apart to the ministry I felt that I was assuming an office in which usefulness would be dependent upon character and service, rather than upon any ecclesiastical authority or gifts conveyed by prelatical succession. I had no illusions either as to what was involved in the calling. I had absolutely reliable information about that, having been reared in the home of a pioneer minister. The modest stipend, the heavy demands, the unreasonable criticism, the thankless tasks and all the catalog of clerical troubles were familiar to me. I knew that the very nature of my calling implied self-effacement

and willingness to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Recently there has been a marked improvement in the temporal appreciation of ministers. This improvement was made necessary by the increased cost of living, but may in part be attributed also to a better valuation of the service rendered. There is no more important contribution to the welfare of society than that made by the minister, but it is only within the last two or three years that he has been receiving anything like adequate compensation.

On account of momentary conditions there has been strong temptation for ministers to follow diverting pathways. Some have yielded to it and have doffed the clerical garb. Three of my local colleagues have been overcome by the lure of secular vocation. Two are selling real estate and one has gone into a factory. The latter stepped from the pulpit into the stock room of a large industrial concern, where he received a monthly pay slip larger than he ever received from the church, though he had not spent a day in preparation for his new vocation. Hundreds of ministers are writing life insurance, managing bureaus and operating machinery of various kinds with considerably enhanced emoluments. As some clerical humorist has said, "Any clergyman can do better, financially, with a monkey-wrench than he can by 'monkeying' with his people."

Yet it is true that, with rare exceptions, the step out of the ministry is a step downward. From

a pecuniary standpoint it may be promotion, but otherwise it is demotion. There are rewards greater than that of money, and the minister who continues to work for the firm of "Lord and Church," and pursues his high calling faithfully to the last, will have fuller hands and a richer soul when he goes out of the world than the one who turns plumber or clerk or secular agent of any kind.

Better compensation for the minister has come and, I am glad to say, has come without his demanding it. All who appreciate noble mindedness are beginning to realize the moral heights of those men of God who refuse to descend into the struggle for pelf, who without thought of gain hold in their keep the dearest and most precious interests of the race. And they propose to reward those who minister unto them in higher things at least as well as they reward the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and others who minister only to their backs and stomachs.

IV.

A PIONEER MINISTER'S LIBRARY.

In the manse of the First Reformed church at Canton, the smallest, but not the least important, room was the library. Though the manse itself was somewhat pretentious, the library was of modest proportions, a snug little den at the southeast corner of the building. The windows looked out upon a yard typical of the times, attractive but not distinctive, with a little human precision but more of nature's own artistry in it. The old wooden pump, the drooping willow, the cluster of hollyhocks, the perfumed roses and honeysuckles, the hum of bees and the lilt of bird's song —combined to create an atmosphere of repose and contentment just suited to the purpose.

It is not, however, the exterior of that little room that we are concerned about now, but rather its contents and its history. I speak of this here, thinking that some of my readers may be interested in knowing the make-up of a pioneer minister's library and his attitude toward it. Comporting with the times the furnishings of the room *were simple but comfortable.*

On the shelves rested some five hundred volumes of standard theological and general literature. The dominie had probably never heard of President McCosh's wise remark, "The book to read is not the

one which thinks for you but the one which makes you think," yet he seems to have followed that rule in the selection of his library. There was a noticable absence of books of illustrations, "Thoughts for the Occasion," and such like literature.

Among the outstanding volumes was a splendid set of the Church Fathers, the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia, Mehlfahrt's Commentary, Ebrard's Dogmatik, Besser's Bibelstunden, Zschokke's Novellen, some of the German classics and the works of many notable authors of later date.

These books were carefully housed behind glass doors and treated with tenderest consideration. No rude hands were allowed to maltreat them and no dust to cover them. They were the pioneer's friends, and he would brook no impoliteness. Members of the household had access to them, but all were held responsible for reverential usage and safe return. The solicitude and surveillance over those books was almost excessive.

It is interesting to wonder what would have been the effect had certain literary gentlemen we know of, dropped into the place, Samuel T. Coleridge, for instance. As is known the gifted poet was very much of a boor in his treatment of books. For example, in the home of his friend De Quincy, Dove Cottage at Grasmere, he reached back from his seat at the supper-table, removed a fine new volume from its shelf and proceeded to open its uncut pages with his butter-smeared knife. De Quincy made no protest, perhaps because both were a little the worse for opium. It is easy, however, to imagine what

would have happened had such an act of vandalism taken place in the pioneer's library.

There would have been something happening also, had Goldsmith been a guest in that little den and followed his accustomed reprehensible practice of marking passages in books by pressing his thumb nail through the paper. And with all due respect to his august personage, old King Jehoiakim with his scripture cutting, mutilating pen-knife, would surely have been taboo there. Even the Angel of the Apocalypse, of whom it is written that "he ate the book," would have been *persona non grata* had he tried such an experiment in the dominie's sanctum.

No bibliophile ever kept more jealous vigil over his library than did this hardy pioneer, and none ever observed a greater punctilio in the use of it. He had a just and obvious pride in his books and wanted them to be respected by others. The person with the abominable habit of twisting covers back to back, turning down the corners of pages or making inter-linear notations would be sure to be reminded of his improprieties. And this was not simply a matter of "sparing his lordship's bindings." The books were not of the de luxe kind, first editions, author's imprints, etc., but just plain, substantially bound volumes. They were his "shelved treasures" not because of their well-tooled bindings but because of their contents and their character.

They were his means of contact with the choicest minds of his times as well as of times past. In his necessarily contracted sphere of activity, he ap-

preciated the wider outlook on the church and the world afforded him through his books, and thus his library became to him a very sacred possession, and in spite of his many pastoral duties he made diligent use of it.

As I have already said the dominie regarded his books as his friends, his dead and wise friends, and on that account demanded respectful treatment of them. He felt that a good book is "the precious life blood" of a great man, that it represents the best thoughts, the deepest feelings, the rarest imaginings of the one who wrote it.

I shall never forget his illuminating words to me on this subject while sitting alone with him in the library one summer afternoon. Pointing to his books, he said, "What a privilege it would have been for you to meet the men represented here, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Luther, Wesley, Krummacher, Goethe, etc. I imagine what your regret would have been if you had been asked to meet any of them and had refused. You could never have forgiven yourself that mistake. Yet, if you had seen them face to face, in all likelihood your brief conversation would have had little value. It would probably have been of the weather, the political situation, some trivial personality or other commonplace of the day. In their books, however, these men reveal to you their inmost thought and heart in such a way as was never granted any except a favored few. These books are a standing invitation to fellowship with these men, the rarest spirits of the last twenty-five centuries. That is why I regard this room as a

sanctum and insist upon deferential treatment of these volumes."

It has been my good fortune to fall heir to this library, although I have not inherited the disposition to give it the extreme care it was accustomed to receive. I appreciate the literary treasure thus bequeathed, but more than the mere possession of the books do I appreciate the influence they exerted upon me in youth and young manhood. The presence of this library in the home created in me a love for literature which has been the source of an exquisite pleasure. The solace and delight found in reading increases with the years, and now with eyes grown dim there yet remains the luxury of having the printed page made articulate by loved ones. I still linger fondly over some of the old tomes bequeathed to me and pray that God may not totally shut me out from the use of books until the curtain finally falls.

Not to care for reading is a serious weakness and a self-imposed deprivation. I am in hearty agreement with Macauley when he says, "If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wine and coaches, and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who does not love reading."

V.

SOME GUESTS AND ASSOCIATES OF A PIONEER MINISTER.

There was no lack of visitors to the manse in the early days, and they who came, whether of exalted or of lowly station, always received a cordial welcome.

In one of Conan Doyle's stories he tells of a wealthy and influential British general who with his wife returned from India and came to reside in a somewhat sequestered part of England. Quite exclusive socially and fearful of unwelcome visitors, he inscribed this legend on the wall by the side of his outer gate, "General and Mrs. Heatherstone do not care to enlarge the circle of their friends." It is needless to say that the circle of their friends was not enlarged. Only a select few ever entered within that gate.

There was, however, no such repelling legend ever displayed at the gate of the Canton parsonage, but instead there was a warm, open-hearted and democratic hospitality for all visitors. Canton was then the Mecca of Reformed ministers in northern and eastern Ohio, and while in Canton they made free use of the dominie's ample caravansary.

It may throw some light on the life and spirit of the times to tell of some of the men who came and went in the cozy little study of that much fre-

quented home. I shall therefore present a few brief and cameo-like sketches of this pioneer minister's guests and associates at successive periods in his career.

One of the early and regular habitues of the manse in those days was Prof. J. G. Buettner, a profoundly learned theologian, graduate of Jena and Leipzig, who had come to this country in 1837 to offer his services to the Reformed church as pastor, teacher or missionary. This savant resided for a time in the village of Osnaburg, five miles east of Canton, where he was housed with the family of Christian Kountze, whose sons later acquired international fame as the Kountze Brothers, bankers in New York, Denver and Omaha.

In due season Buettner found himself at the head of the newly established Theological Seminary, the first venture of its kind in the Reformed church in the west. This infant institution was located on Market street about one block south of the public square, at the place where the Dumont grocery store now stands, and had a very brief and fitful career of only two years. The chief cause of its early failure was probably the fact that the professor was too pedantic for his back-woods constituents and could not adjust himself to their crude and simple ways. His instruction as well as his preaching went far over the heads of his modest hearers and thus failed of their desired effect.

By way of illustration, he was once sent by father to conduct a Sunday service in one of his country churches. A fortnight later when father

Rev. Peter Herbruck at the age of sixty
Rev. Peter Herbruck at the age of forty-five

came there on his regular appointment, he naturally inquired about the impression made by the learned visitor and the kind of sermon he delivered. The leading elder and most intelligent man of the congregation, a Pennsylvania German, replied: "Oh, he gave us a fine sermon, a very fine sermon, but somehow I couldn't understand a word from beginning to end."

From this isolated instance of ineptness his failure as theological professor can be readily explained. He could not adapt himself to the requirements of the time and place. Yet this scholastic theologian was not without some helpful influence on the simple-hearted folk of that day and particularly on the self-educated ministers with whom he associated.

Another frequenter of the little study was the Rev. J. G. Zahner of Shanesville, a man of strong mentality but unassuming disposition. There are still some men in our ministry who remember this modest but able theologian, who spent his life as a "Shepherd of the Hills" in Tuscarawas county. He was the opposite of Buettner in that, while intellectually far above his people, he nevertheless knew how to adapt himself to his surroundings and harmonize with the *genus loca* of his country charge. He was father's most intimate friend and often drove the thirty miles of hilly road between Shanesville and Canton in a wabbly-kneed buggy drawn by his faithful and leisurely dobbin, in order to spend a day or two in his friend's library.

He was usually accompanied by his wife, a

woman of considerable culture, and one, who like her husband, had the tact to fit herself into her bucolic environment. A relative of hers said to me as I officiated at her funeral some twenty years ago, "Her life was a *tragedy*. She had the education and culture that would have graced any drawing room and yet was compelled to spend her years amid the rude simplicity of the Tuscarawas county hills and mingle almost exclusively with unsophisticated country folk." It is not likely that Mrs. Zahner herself would sanction this remark. She did not regard her life as tragical but in the spirit of our religion accepted her humble lot, even though it meant much social deprivation. There was compensation for her sacrifice, and the gentle and beautiful life she lived must have been an encouragement to the rustic members of the sequestered parish.

Another frequenter of the pioneer's sanctum was the Rev. Herman Kortheuer, of Massillon. The two had much in common and often communed with one another. In addition to fine intellectual qualities Dr. Kortheuer had what was very unusual in a minister, rare musical genius, and succeeded in imparting his talent as well as his passion for music to his family. Two of his sons acquired national fame as piano virtuosos. They were Arthur, of Toledo, and Herman, of Cleveland, both deceased. The latter, who had but few equals in this country, died only a few months ago while seated at his instrument in his Cleveland studio. He heard the voice of music, "sacred tongue of God," calling him and he responded.

It was an interesting event when Dr. Kortheuer or any of his musical family favored the manse with a visit, for it meant a few hours of congenial fellowship and of musical entertainment such as was but little known in these parts half a century ago.

By far the most distinguished clerical visitor to the study was Dr. Philip Schaff, author of a well-known encyclopedia and church historian of world-wide fame. It was a high honor to entertain such a guest though only for a night. I do not recall what was the occasion of the Doctor's coming for I was very young. And the subject of the conversations between the dominie and his mountain-minded visitor has unfortunately escaped into oblivion. Only this remains—the Professor revealed his human side by manifesting a deep interest in the two beautiful ponies in the pastoral stables and the flock of magnificent fan-tailed pigeons in the pastoral dove-cotes. The latter especially caught his fancy. A pity that the weightier matters of this important contact have been forgotten.

Of a very different type was the Rev. Michael Grether, who occasionally dropped into the study. Without presuming to much culture he served in his modest way and to the best of his ability a number of rural charges in this vicinity. Of mild and gentle mien, with hair parted in the middle and hanging in thin locks down to his shoulders, there was a slight suggestion of the traditional face of John the Beloved. Though among the least pretentious of father's guests he had to his credit an achievement

surpassing that of any of them. With a feeling of admiration and reverence I record here the remarkable fact that he educated six sons for the ministry of the Reformed church, useful men all of them, including the brilliant and affable Frank Grether of the Mission House at Plymouth, Wisconsin. In addition to his six sons he has two grandsons in the ranks of our ministry and also two grand-daughters who are teachers in our mission schools. Was not this a service to the church such as men and angels might take note of!

I may be pardoned also in alluding here, in a parenthetic way, to another very exceptional character. This was in the days before the *genus hobo* was in flower, but there was then another and more objectionable kind of vagabond abroad, namely, the religious impostor. These impostors, of course, found their way into father's study, and caused him considerable annoyance at times.

I recall one of these brazen-faced frauds, who, finding his deception unmasked, assumed a defiant attitude but came to grief in a way he little expected. Ordered to leave the place he became insolent and broke out in a torrent of the most vile and abusive vituperation. While father was planning what to do in the matter, mother, who standing near the door had heard the indecent harangue, came to the rescue. Seizing a broom she swung it with vertiginous rapidity over the impostor's head and commanded him to leave. He went instantly and was assisted well out into the middle of the street with repeated and vigorous blows by the sturdy mistress.

It was just a little departure from the proverbial hospitality of this pioneer home.

One of the most interesting of all the habitual visitors to the little sanctum was Dr. Danziger, an ex-rabbi. The Doctor was a man well versed in Hebrew literature and familiar with Talmudic lore. For some reason he had turned Gentile and was practicing medicine in the east end of Canton. He became identified with the Reformed Church and when in 1860 this congregation proceeded to erect its own edifice, the first distinctively Reformed Church building in Canton, he co-operated with father and was requested to prepare an important document which was placed in the corner-stone of the building. I remember pleasantly this amusing little manikin, who was often in the parental home and who tutored me in Hebrew during my seminary vacation, but, alas, I remember little of the instruction save a number of interesting stories told by way of comment as we translated the book of Genesis. I repeat just one of them, and this one suggested by the reported interview between God and Cain in the ninth verse of the fourth chapter of the book.

A Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi, who had the traditional antipathy of these religionists for one another, met on a narrow foot-bridge crossing a stream. Neither would yield to the other or retrace his steps, and the question was, what next? Instead of engaging in a test of physical strength they decided to settle the matter by an intellectual

contest. It was agreed to propound a series of alternate questions to one another, and the one who in answer to a question would first be compelled to say, "I know not," would have to acknowledge defeat and permit the other to throw him into the river. The interrogatory contest began and the two seemed rather evenly matched, until at last the rabbi propounded this question: "What did Cain say when God asked him, 'Where is thy brother Abel'?" The correct answer is "Lo yodadi" or "I know not," so that answering correctly or confessing inability to answer the priest was compelled to say "I know not," and according to the terms of the contract had to allow the rabbi to throw him into the river.

The Doctor was a veritable storehouse of such anecdotes and interjected them freely in his teaching. It is curious that I have remembered only the stories of that summer's course in Hebrew. But that was not the fault of the learned preceptor.

Such were some of the guests who came and went in this Canton manse through a long period of years. It was a privilege to be reared in such a home, a home so varied and kindly in its interests, so inclusive and yet so distinctive in its hospitality. It afforded me a glimpse of the spirit of the times in concrete form and brought me into touch with the larger world around.

The old building still stands, for its frame is of oak, more rugged and more enduring than the hands that erected it. There is still a suggestion of stateliness and dignity about it but its setting has

changed wretchedly and its old time charm has vanished. I pass it at frequent intervals and always with a feeling that I am on holy ground. The sight of it stirs the heart and conjures up in memory a paradise long since gone. I look wistfully up at the windows expecting to see familiar faces, but look in vain. I listen for a footfall or the sound of a musical voice but there is only silence. The venerable tenants have changed homes and live here only in the good deeds they have done and in the hearts of those who knew and loved them.

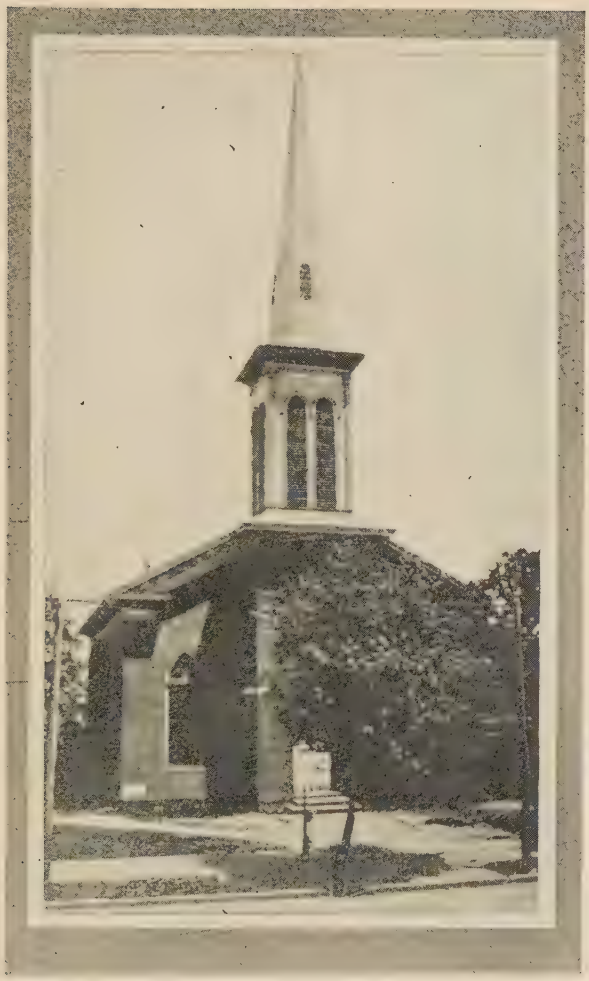
VI.

ROME HAS SPOKEN.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the habitues of Dr. Peter Herbruck's study at Canton was the Rev. Father John B. Uhlman of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church. Having come from the same province, the priest and the dominie cherished a warm friendship for one another here in this little western town of their adopted country. They exchanged calls frequently and, in spite of rigid ecclesiastical lines, were on the most intimate terms.

Preceding the building of the first Reformed church there was a protracted controversy between the Reformed and Lutherans over the partition of the property they held in common. The Lutherans looked with a jealous eye upon the progress and enterprise of their sister congregation and did all in their power to thwart her plans.

They even went so far as to bring an injunction suit against the Reformed and thus threw the case into the courts, where it dragged its weary way along for nearly two years. It finally became necessary for the dominie to journey to Columbus where he succeeded in having a law enacted, making it possible to divide joint church property, for up to this time no such law existed in the state of Ohio. Even after the passage of this law and a consequent favorable verdict by the Common Pleas Court the



First Reformed Church, erected 1860, under pastorate of Rev. Peter Herbruck

Lutherans carried the case to the Supreme Court, not with any hope of securing a reversal, but merely to delay still further the building project of their rivals. The case was finally dropped however, the property equitably divided and the church edifice erected.

This very unseemly conduct on the part of a sister Protestant Church was not only vexatious but involved a heavy pecuniary loss to the Reformed. The damage to the material on hand during these years of inactivity amounted to fully a thousand dollars, for it became necessary to do over again practically all that had been done. If ministers now have better success in the partition of joint church property they owe it to the dominie who went through the long and distressful contest in the middle of the last century and who was instrumental in having placed on the statute books of Ohio the proper legislation for that purpose.

Through all this prolonged strife and litigation Father Uhlman manifested his sympathy with the Reformed, thus creating the very unusual situation of a Protestant minister receiving sympathy and comfort from a Catholic priest, while engaged in a dispute with another Protestant church. Uhlman not only expressed his interest in the Reformed enterprise verbally, but actively assisted in the planning of the new church building. I still have a faint boyhood recollection of the two men sitting in the study of the manse discussing a rough sketch of the proposed structure. The priest later returned to his native land much to the dominie's regret, as

well as that of many other friends. There is still a token of his friendship in my library in the form of a set of sermon volumes presented to father Herbruck and highly prized by him.

Naturally my thoughts often turn with grateful affection to this genial and broad-minded priest and these thoughts are always attended with a fervent wish that all priests were of the same mind and heart, and that Roman ecclesiastical law would permit of more fellowship between priest and minister.

This wish suggests the pertinent question, was Uhlman really violating any canonical requirement of the Catholic church when he made an intimate of a Protestant minister? Technically he was not, but in reality he was. There is no specific canon prohibiting a priest from entering into a friendship of that kind, yet the example and influence of such clerical contact is regarded as harmful to the laity and consequently as imprudent. The Catholic Father is cautioned against doing anything that will give the impression that ministers of the Protestant faith are as good as a priest or that they have authority to perform clerical functions of any kind. Such conduct would create a grave offense and would subject the Father to criticism and possibly a reprimand.

Uhlman was acting contrary to the spirit of his church. His course revealed the dominance of the human heart over prelatical dictation, the supremacy of natural inclination over artificial requirement. His case was exceptional, but it might be pertinently asked, How long will it continue to be so? In face

of the rising tide of democracy how long will the Church be able to maintain its discipline over priest and people and thus control the flow of natural affection?

The saying, current in the middle ages, "Roma locuta, causa finita," ("Rome has spoken, the matter is settled"), is in danger of losing some of its force in these latter days. It was originally meant to apply to theology only and for centuries received the unreserved endorsement of priest and laity. But when later its scope was enlarged to include not only authority in theological dogma but in almost everything else, there was protest. This authority which at one time seemed unrestrained and all-powerful is gradually waning. In great world matters, in social, industrial and political affairs the papal prestige is undergoing a slight diminuendo. "Rome" may "speak" and yet the "matter may not be settled."

This bit of foreign news is pertinent here and will no doubt be read with interest. A few months ago the papal palace at Rome narrowly escaped becoming the scene of a strike, a plain, commonplace strike. The Swiss guard, the vatican police, who still sport a flaming uniform designed by Michael Angelo, demanded higher wages. This unprecedented occurrence was staged like any ordinary strike, with mass meetings, ultimatum, and such like. The pope was speechless and the holy employer had to capitulate in order to prevent a strange and intolerable situation in the palace.

But that was not the end. Emboldened by their

success these protectors of his Holiness made further demands, which are still pending. They now claim the right to marry. How this embarrassing demand will be met cannot at this moment be foreseen. If the papal guards may marry, why not the clergy? How long His Holiness will be able to hold his devotees to his teachings on this and other subjcts is a question. Already two hundred priests in Bohemia have broken their vows of celibacy and have become benedicts. The laity of that country also are making some demands. They are insisting on a measure of home rule, giving them the privilege of selecting their own bishops and directing their own parochial affairs, a demand which seems reasonable and just in these days when "democracy and independence" are the watchwords everywhere.

A very significant and almost unheard of incident occurred in connection with the last St. Patrick's day parade in New York City. Among the many banners in the mammoth procession was one bearing the inscription, "As much religion as possible from Rome, but no politics." This inscription created some agitation when it passed the reviewing stand. The ecclesiastical dignitaries assembled there protested against it. What became of the banner is not reported. It was probably removed, but the fact that it appeared in the procession at all is full of meaning. Straws show which way the wind blows.

We predict that the Roman heirarchy which is thoroughly autocratic and paternalistic, cannot

forever hold undisputed sway over the minds of its adherents. The leaven of democracy is at work everywhere and even the Catholic church cannot escape its influence. Thinking men of the twentieth century will not always bow to the papal sceptre like peccant school boys to the rod of their master.

Father Uhlman acted naturally and properly when he made a friend and companion of his landsman, the Protestant dominie, and the time is coming when the human and natural will prevail in spite of prelatical restrictions.

These lines have not been written in any spirit of animosity but rather with the wish that all priests might imitate the genial Father of St. Peter's Church, Canton, in the middle of the last century.

Christendom will not come to its own in the world until Catholics and Protestants come closer together, and this involves some softening of the line of demarcation from either side, as well as some yielding of cherished traditions.

Though highly prizing my own spiritual heritage, like my long sainted father I cherish the kindliest feeling toward Christians of every name and faith.

VII.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

It would be possible to indicate the different stages of development in the work of our pioneer domonie by the mode of locomotion employed.

When he entered upon his long Canton pastorate in 1832, he had no means of meeting his appointments except *per pedes apostolorum*. He made the round of his churches, ten in number, on foot. The most remote of these was the little church at Carrollton, twenty-four miles away, to which point he journeyed once a month, walking the entire distance, sometimes in the dead of winter without overcoat or muffler to protect him against the bitter cold.

With increasing prosperity he purchased a horse, and for a time rode to his appointments on horseback. Afterwards he invested in a second hand and somewhat ramshackle four-wheeled conveyance, and then in something better; and so on until at the close of his long and successful ministry, he rode in a very respectable phaeton, drawn by a sturdy and handsome bay roadster.

At one time the dominie indulged in the luxury of two beautiful poines, not shetlands, but a medium between a Shetland and the ordinary sized horse. This very attractive span became the cynosure of all eyes wherever they went. I have had old men tell me that in their youth they walked several miles to at-

tend the services at which the dominie officiated and then subtly confessed that their motive for going was as much to get a glimpse of the pastor's ponies as to hear his sermon. At the close of each service the youth of the congregation, and some older people, too, surrounded his conveyance and looked with admiring gaze at the attractive little creatures.

Referring to his "circuit riding" days the pioneer laughingly told of frequent mishaps. It was not an unusual thing for him to fall from his horse two or three times in a single journey. He would be riding along in a preoccupied sort of way, studying a sermon or reading a book, when by a sudden start of the horse he would be thrown from the saddle, sometimes landing in the grass, sometimes in the mud and sometimes on very solid ground. Yet with all his unceremonious dismountings he never sustained a fracture or serious injury of any kind. But of this I shall let him speak for himself. I quote from a brief autobiography left me in manuscript form:

"In the fall of 1834, I finally got a horse and also an overcoat. The horse was only three years old and not properly broken, while I was no rider. On account of my awkwardness in handling the animal the little beast acquired the habit of going backwards, whenever it was frightened. On one occasion while going home the young animal became scared and began going backwards. I tried with the whip to drive it forward; but the more I whipped it, the faster it went backwards. A farmer working in the field along the road cried out to me: 'Say,

preacher, turn around and point the rear of your horse toward Canton, and you will get there faster.' Falling off the horse became so much of a daily habit with me that when I rode away in the morning and returned in the evening with only one or two tumbles to my credit, I counted it a lucky day.

"One experience, however, I shall never forget. I had a funeral twelve miles from Canton, and was returning home about eleven o'clock at night. I had to traverse a dense woods through which there was only a very narrow footpath. It was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish my horse's head. Some animal, probably a cow was lying in the path, and jumped up suddenly. My horse became frightened and galloped away through the woods with me. I expected nothing else but to be killed. I tried to stop him and pulled with all my might on the reins. Suddenly these broke, and I tumbled head over heels, backwards from the horse. Crawling around on hands and knees, I finally found my saddle bag, and then worked my way out of the woods. At the nearest farm house, I awoke the people and asked for a lantern. The request was freely granted, but as I was about to leave, the farmer said: 'Hold on, possibly your horse is standing down by my barn.' Sure enough, so he was. So we fixed up the bridle, and I reached home without further mishaps."

Perhaps the reader will also be interested in the narration of a trip made by the dominie to Fort Wayne and Huntington, Indiana, in the early days of his ministry. This journey reflects somewhat the status of the country as to transportation facilities

and economic development as well. It was a somewhat "Sentimental Journey," like that of Lawrence Sterne, and there was some sensation in it too. Again I shall allow the dominie to speak for himself. I have given a free translation to his story as it appears in his autobiography:

"It was in the thirties of the Nineteenth Century that a number of families from my congregations in Stark County emigrated to the State of Indiana and settled in the counties of Huntington and Miami. Among the heads of families were two who had held the office of deacon in the church. Some of them were able to purchase land that had previously been cultivated; others had to be content with a space of woodland, which with severe toil they cleared and made arable. Theirs were all the hardships of pioneers.

"The saddest deprivation of these people, however, was the absence of the church. In their former home they had been privileged to attend public services at least once a month, partake of the Lord's Supper twice a year, to have their children baptized and words of comfort spoken at the graves of departed friends. All this was wanting in the first years of their sojourn in the wilderness and it made their hearts sore. These people repeatedly wrote to me and asked me to visit them and minister to them in religious things. It was impossible for me to grant that petition at once. In the first place my time was fully occupied in serving ten different congregations. It would not do to leave them for weeks without the preaching of the Word, and

again, the money necessary to pay traveling expenses was wanting. It was not until the year 1840 that I felt prepared to fulfill the wish of these churchless people.

"An intimate friend offered to accompany me on this journey and, of course, was very welcome. A number of friends advised me to carry a pistol. They said: 'Indiana is but thinly settled, frequently no house is to be seen in six or eight miles, and it has often occurred that travelers have been robbed there.' A relative of my wife related how $500 and a pistol had been stolen from under his pillow at a tavern at Fort Wayne a few years previous. Despite all this, I could not be persuaded to carry a pistol. My friend, however, borrowed two, a single and a double barreled one.

"On a lovely summer morning in the month of August we left Canton for the neighboring village of Massillon, whence we departed for Cleveland per canal boat. The romantic experience we had on this ride reminded us very much of Horace's celebrated trip to Brundusium. From Cleveland we took a steamer across Lake Erie to Toledo.

"On the steamer I became acquainted with a Catholic priest, a Frenchman, who held a position in Fort Wayne, and was just returning from a visit to his native land. The priest was an obliging and polite man. His personality and conduct were such as to inspire confidence in him. I could not desire a better traveling companion. On arriving at Toledo he conducted us to a tavern where we dined, and where we also discovered that the canal from

Toledo to Defiance was not yet navigable, and in consequence we would have to take to the stage coach. At this point the priest favored us with profitable advice, saying:

" 'No, we will not do that. We can reach Defiance in a cheaper way.'

"He disappeared, with the remark that he would be back soon. Before long he returned accompanied by an Irishman who had a pair of mud-colored mules hitched to a carry-all. After a brief parley an agreement was made, stipulating that he was to transport us and our baggage to Defiance and have us there by 12 o'clock the next day, so as to make connection with the packet boat for Fort Wayne. In consideration of which we promised to pay him $7.00.

"Between the hours of three and four in the afternoon, we departed from Toledo. The Irishman was an excellent driver and space was rapidly laid behind. I have since concluded he must be a relative of Hank Monk, the coachman who took Greely on his famous rugged ride to Placerville. After about fifteen miles of the journey had been made we halted at a dilapidated log cabin, standing almost concealed in the woods and over the door of which hung a sign with the strange device: 'Travelers' Rest.' The orders were to remain there over night, since the next tavern could not be reached before dusk. The priest said:

" 'If we remain here you will not be able to get us to Defiance by 12 tomorrow.'

" 'Be unconcerned,' replied the Irishman, 'I

will have you there in due time, but you must get up when I awake you in the morning.'

"We remained. At about one o'clock the next morning we arose in answer to the ringing of a cracked old dinner bell, paid the landlord and continued the journey.

"To leave our beds so early was not pleasant to any of us and especially not to the priest. It made him drowsy. His eyelids drooped. Occasionally he fell into a dose and as the wagon passed over a stone or a tree stump it would startle him out of a furtive nap. He sat upon the same seat with me.

" 'We must do something to keep me awake,' he said, 'we must sing.'

"The proposal was quite acceptable to all, but there was one hindrance to its being carried out, there was the difference in nationality and language. There were two Teutons, a Gaul and a Celt and none of us a Mezzofanti. We could not sing in chorus. So we agreed that the first song should be in French, the next German and the next Irish. The priest opened the concert. What he sang I knew not. It was evidently not a Te Deum. Yet I can remember that he had a strong voice and sang a beautiful melody. After he had concluded, the call was for a German song. This I committed to my friend who was then regarded as one of the best German soloists in Canton. He sang from the Robbers of Schiller: *Ein freies Leben fuehren wir.* What the Irishman sang I could not tell. But it was music characteristic of his race, rapid and full of life. We accomplished the object of this impromptu concert

and were quite refreshed and alert, but very shortly there was a ludicrous anti-climax.

"Under the spell of our music the driver became oblivious to the rugged roadway and striking a stump the wagon was completely overturned, with the result that all of us were thrown to the ground. My Canton friend rolled some ten or twelve feet away and the priest and I lay in the middle of the road quite intricately interwoven as to arms and legs. Ecclesiastically we were widely separated but physically we were holding very intimate communion. The Irishman was not in the least disconcerted by the mishap, for, no doubt, it was a frequent occurrence with him. He at once commanded us to lay hold and turn the wagon right side up. In a trice all was in order. No damage was done save to our coats. Of course, it required no music to keep us awake from thence forth."

"We arrived at Defiance just in time to board the packet and were off for Fort Wayne, then a mere village. On arriving there the priest left us after extending a kind invitation to visit him at his home before we departed. My friend and I concluded to spend a night in Fort Wayne. We inquired for a tavern and were directed to one. It was a new wooden structure. I thought it could not be the one in which my wife's kinsman had been robbed, for that was a log house. We turned in. The landlord's appearance did not strike me favorably. He was a gloomy, morose sort of fellow. Nevertheless we entrusted our satchels to him. Mine contained a considerable amount of money which I was con-

veying from a Canton citizen to a relative of his in Huntington.

"Supper over, we went into the bar-room where we found a number of squaws under the influence of fire-water. My friend took delight in watching the conduct of these intoxicated females. I went out and took a seat on a bench in the doorway. Soon a man approached and sat down by my side. He looked like a fellow-countryman and I said to him, 'Are you a German?'

"Yes, sir," he replied.

" 'Are you acquainted in this town?"

" 'Somewhat.'

" 'I am a stranger here. Will you have the kindness to tell me whether I am in a respectable tavern or not?'

" 'I think so. The landlord is getting rich at any rate. Two years ago he lived in a log cabin, but has recently erected this large building.'

"Correct, thought I. This is the same landlord in whose house my wife's kinsman was robbed. I at once called out my friend and said to him,

" 'Let us not remain here, but go to some other tavern.'

"He ridiculed me and said, 'Don't be afraid, we are prepared. We can shoot three times if necessary.'

"I yielded and we then told the landlord that we were ready to retire, and demanded our satchels.

" 'Your satchels are well taken care of,' said he. 'And you will get them tomorrow.'

" 'But we want them now,' I replied.

"After long hesitation he delivered them up and conducted us to our chamber. It was a somewhat ample room containing only a bed, a small stand and two chairs. After the host had disappeared I undertook to lock the door but found neither lock nor bolt. As a substitute we decided to build a barricade. The small stand was placed before the door and upon it a chair resting obliquely against the door. The pistols were loaded and placed on a chair by the side of the bed.

"After commending myself and my friend into the hands of the Heavenly Father, we disrobed and lay down to rest. I was of the firm conviction that all was not well and consequently could not sleep.

"Wearily time crept on until the old clock in the bar-room struck twelve. A few moments later I heard someone in stocking feet slowly and cautiously ascending the steps. My heart beat audibly. The door moved.

" 'Who is there?' I cried, but received no answer.

"I awoke my friend that he might help defend the fort. Soon there was another push at the door, yet the chair did not fall. I again demanded an explanation. Another and more telling push sent the chair with a loud racket to the floor. I sprang up, seized a pistol and cried,

" 'Stay out, or I will shoot.'

"For the next moment daggers and pistols floated promiscuously before my vision and I listened for a sharp report or the sound of gurgling blood. My suspense was relieved when I heard the noise of de-

scending footsteps on the stairs. The assailant was evidently overawed by our valor.

"The night was passed without further molestation. But, had the rogue understood, he would not need to have been frightened, for it was all a bit of mock-heroism on our part. I would not have been brave enough to shoot and if I had, a hit would have been a mere chance for I always close my eyes before pulling the trigger. As evidence of our unfamiliarity with fire-arms is the fact that on our return home, we had the loads extracted from our pistols by a gunsmith.

"After this rather sensational night in the Fort Wayne tavern, we continued our journey to Huntington by stage. Our friends received us with open arms. And we spent a week there enjoying the most cordial hospitality. I preached for them on Sunday and several succeeding nights, administering the Holy Communion and also baptizing a number of children.

"In the second home that I entered, the father and children greeted me with tears, saying that the mother had been buried four weeks before, but they had been unable to find a minister to conduct a service. So I acceded to their wish and conducted a funeral in a school-house before a reverent congregation.

"From the village of Huntington, which then consisted of only about eighteen houses, my friend and I rode to Miami County, where I preached in private houses a number of times, administered the Lord's Supper and baptized several children. I

was told that no Reformed minister had ever visited that community before. On the return trip from there, a forest several miles in extent had to be traversed. Suddenly we came upon a clearing in which there was a little log cabin. A woman was standing at the wash tub before the door. She looked at us very closely and suddenly cried out, 'Isn't your name Herbruck?'

"After my answer she hurried to us and began to weep, saying, 'Oh, how glad I am to see you again. How often I have thought of you and desired to hear you preach.'

"I discovered that she was a woman whom, in childhood, I had confirmed in the Zion's congregation some seven miles north of Canton.

"Having reached Huntington again, we took leave of our old friends and former parishioners. There was every indication of appreciation and gratitude on the part of these simple-hearted people, and we were loath to separate.

"Among other tokens of affection received was a fawn, a few weeks old. It proved a welcome gift but rather a cumbersome bit of luggage for a long journey. With much care and painstaking we succeeded in getting the pretty little creature to Canton. Of course, there was much delight on its arrival, especially among the younger members of the family. It was decided to give the young deer the front yard as its domain, where it attracted much attention on the part of passersby. The animal grew normally and this development proved its undoing so far as our household was concerned. In a few months it

became large enough to jump over the garden fence and stalk disastrously among the vegetables and flowers. The garden was under the rule of the mistress of the manse, and she being of a utilitarian turn of mind, the sentimental had to yield to the practical. She issued an edict of banishment against the pretty but unwelcome intruder. Accordingly we donated it to an uptown friend who, having a very large lawn, provided an ample and very suitable home for it."

This lawn is still partly intact and surrounds the historic residence of William R. Day, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and lies immediately opposite the present site of Trinity Reformed Church on Market avenue, N. Here the deer, which the dominie brought form the wilds of Indiana, spent its days and finally died a natural and peaceful death. And thus calmly ends the story of the "Sentimental Journey."

VIII.

A LITTLE CLERICAL HUMOR.

Our dominie, as those who knew him will remember, was a man of cheerful disposition. He seemed to have a never failing source of joy in his heart. He did not always walk on the sunny side of the street, for no one can; but he always looked on the sunny side of events. We never knew him to be despondent and very seldom out of sorts. He enjoyed life, not as the man of the world does, but as the true Christian can and should.

This constant good cheer had its basis in his deeply religious nature, for he was a devout and pious man and had a profound sense of the greatness and goodness of God, as well as of His majesty and His might.

He never slept during a thunder storm. When a tempest arose at night time, he left his bed, gathered the family around him and sat in silence and awe until the tumult of the heavens subsided. It may seem like a contradiction, but there can be no lasting joy where there is no feeling of reverence. A singular corroboration of this statement can be found in the psalmist of the Old Testament. It will be observed that those of his psalms that begin with references to the greatness, the majesty and the terror of God, invariably close with expressions of joy

and gladness, indicating that his delight in life arose out of his reverential attitude toward the Almighty.

A fine example of this state of mind in modern times, is the case of Henry Drummond, the Scotch theologian and philosopher. He had these two qualities combined in very fullest measure. He stood in great awe of the Almighty Maker of the universe and, at the same time, was of a happy and almost rollicking disposition. On one occasion while visiting Switzerland and looking upon the magnificent snow-capped peaks around him and the deep green valleys beneath, he was so filled with a feeling of awe and reverence for the great Creator that he broke out into loud laughter. It was the laughter of ecstacy and delight, the outpouring of a happy Christian heart, and therefore was wholesome and refreshing. It was the same feeling which the poet Wordsworth experienced when, looking out over the glorious, flower-decked fields at Rydal Mount, he said,

> "And then my heart with rapture thrills
> And dances with the daffodils."

There is a laughter that is shallow and superficial, without any kind of spiritual foundation. It is what the Bible calls "the laughter of fools," and passes away like "the crackling of thorns under a pot." It has no permanence and no salutary influence, because it does not bubble up from within, but is only of the surface, the cachination of a trivial and irreligious heart.

The dominie laughed easily and laughed frequently, but his laughter came from the depths and

not from the shoals of his nature, and thus became thoroughly enjoyable. He looked on things through radiant eyes and therefore saw their bright and often their ludicrous side. It seems that at his birth the angels stretched the rainbow of humor over his cradle and it never left him throughout his long life. He was a cheery, chatty, companionable man, not witty, for wit often wounds, but humorous, and his humor was gentle. His life was full of funny happenings and he knew how to relate them in a fascinating sort of way. He was a charming story teller and it was a genuine pleasure to listen to his many amusing anecdotes. It is a matter of regret that no record has been made of his ludicrous experiences for it would have formed a large and interesting volume. For the amusement of the reader I shall set down here only a few specimens of his overflowing fund of pleasantries.

Father Herbruck had a reputation for punctuality. After certain comical episodes in his early ministry he never missed a service and never failed to meet an appointment on time. Sometime in the early forties he purchased a horse from a certain Doctor N. (an M.D. and not a D.D., be it noted). This horse proved to have the reprehensible habit of balking at inopportune times. The very first time his new master had him put into harness he refused to move from the spot. He was coaxed and caressed but to no avail. Conversation, both gentle and animated, proved futile. The animal stood as rigid and motionless as a statue. This obstinacy finally exasperated the dominie and he seized the buggy

whip and laid it upon the animal's back in repeated and vigorous blows. There was prompt result of this drastic treatment in the immediate starting of the horse, who went through the entire trip in a docile and normal manner.

The next time the same conduct was repeated and the same treatment administered with the same effect. After five or six instances of such discipline the dominie tried slightly different tactics. He said to his sons, who were about to harness the horse, "Boys, wait a moment; I am going to whip him in advance, and you may hitch him up afterwards." The method proved effective. The animal, when placed in the shafts, immediately obeyed his driver's bidding and started meekly on his journey. After several applications of such "advance" treatment the animal was entirely cured of his exasperating habit of balking.

But there was a sequel to this balking experience. It had something to do with the dominie's punctuality. He had made an engagement to marry a couple in the country some five miles south of Canton. The obstinate horse caused him to be a half hour late for the ceremony. In the meanwhile the couple changed their minds and decided not to get married. So the dominie had made the trip in vain and besides was minus the expected wedding fee. He then and there resolved that such a thing should never happen to him again. Ever after that he allowed himself at least an hour's margin in keeping a wedding appointment in order to avoid contingencies of this nature.

There was a somewhat similar happening while the dominie was on his way to a funeral one day in his early ministry. He had been invited to officate at the burial of a member of his church at Limaville, some twenty miles north of Canton. A benevolent neighbor volunteered the use of his horse for this trip, and with the loan gave this explanatory and cautionary word, "The horse has one little fault of which I think you should know; when he is compelled to pull hard he sometimes balks. But you need not mind that. Just coax him a little and he will be all right." The dominie started on the trip. It was in the springtime and the roads were almost impassable. About five miles out from Canton he came upon an enormous mud puddle, some two hundred yards long and extending over the entire road. Before venturing into the puddle he indulged in a little philosophizing—"My neighbor said the horse was prone to balk when drawing a heavy load. Perhaps if I vacate the buggy and mount the horse I can avoid the situation. The animal will then not be pulling me but carrying me on his back." Accordingly he suited the action to the thought and took his place on the horse's back. In this ludicrous position he made the venture into the questionable bog. But when he reached the point where the mud was the deepest and the pulling the hardest, the horse stood still. He coaxed and fondled the animal but to no avail. Finally he gave him several vigorous kicks in the ribs but to his amazement, instead of going forward the horse allowed himself to fall into the mud carrying his rider with him in the

fall. It was an awful predicament for a minister to be in. There was nothing to do, however, but to face the fact. After a half hour's effort the horse was unhitched and led to the side of the road, and the buggy also drawn to solid ground. The dominie himself was besmeared with mud from head to foot and looked like one who had spent a season in the "kingdom of piggery." A deacon living nearby offered another horse and also a suit of clothes. The horse was all right, but the clothes were a sad misfit, giving the wearer a rather grotesque appearance. The house of mourning was reached about three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time. There was naturally some irritation and a little displeasure manifested over the delay. This experience caused the dominie to make a resolution similar to the one that followed the wedding fiasco, namely, always to give himself at least an hour's leeway in going to a funeral. Forever after these untoward happenings, he met all appointments well ahead of time. If a wedding was to be at two o'clock he would be present at one; if a funeral at ten, he was there at nine; if he was to take a train at six he went to the station at five. He learned well the lesson of punctuality and never forgot it throughout his long pastoral career.

I have just told of a wedding which the dominie never had but shall now proceed to tell of several that he did have. If he could tell of them himself I am sure they would cause considerable merriment, but coming to our readers at second hand they lose some of their force and piquancy.

One summer morning the door bell of the manse rang vigorously and when the dominie responded there stood before him a bashful and unsophisticated-looking farmer boy and on the opposite side of the road, seated on a bag, was an equally bucolic-looking girl. The young man stammered something about wanting to get married and not having any money. Would the parson do it for "schnits"? Of course, the magnanimous parson consented to the proposal and the young man called to his sweetheart across the way, "Come over, Katie, he'll do it for schnits." (For the unlearned, be it said that "schnits" are dried apples.) The ceremony was promptly performed, the minister received his bulky perquisite and the country swain, with his ruddy bride, trudged back to his home in a mood of supreme contentment.

Early in his career the dominie encountered a characteristically American form of superstition in connection with a wedding ceremony. He had been asked to marry a couple residing a number of miles in the country. A considerable number of guests had arrived to grace the occasion with their presence. When the parson was in the midst of the ceremony, an elderly lady, mother of the bride, interrupted him by rising and saying in Pennsylvania German, "Pfarrer, Ich will sie net ueber die Cracks koplirt habe." (Parson, I don't want them to be married across the cracks.) The young parson not understanding what was meant glanced at the woman a moment and then proceeded with the ceremony. Again the matron arose and repeated her declaration with more emphasis. Again the domonie paused

and after looking at her for a moment in blank astonishment, proceeded once more. A third time the old lady arose and with vigorous gesticulation protested, "I don't want them married across the cracks." Again the young parson paused and said, "Well, mother, why do you interrupt me? I don't understand what you mean." She then pointed to the cracks in the floor and explained that she didn't want the couple to be married while standing across the cracks. The parson then had the young people turn so as to stand the other way and then completed the ritual without further interruption and with the feeling that he had warded off any disastrous hoodoo that might have settled on the bridal pair.

Later in his career the parson was called one day to officiate at a wedding near the village of Paris. He, of course, was on hand in ample time, but as the hour for the ceremony arrived the bride was missing. Search was made for her throughout the house, but in vain. Careful investigation of the premises proved equally futile. After extended exploration she was finally located hiding behind the barn. She explained that she had, at the last moment, lost heart and decided that she did not want to marry the groom, a tall and angular Irishman just over from the old sod. It was with difficulty that she was persuaded to return to the house, though she persisted in her refusal to marry.

It developed that even though she would have been willing to marry, the ceremony could not have been performed because of the absence of the license. The parson proposed that they come to Can-

ton together on the following Thursday and he would go with them to the Probate Judge to secure the license. She promptly demurred, saying, "Do you think I would go all the way to Canton alone with that Irishman?" On the appointed day, however, the two young people appeared at the manse and the minister went with them to the court house to arrange for the license. The couple attracted the attention of the court house officials by their grotesque appearance, he a six foot Irishman in characteristic Hibernian togs, and she a short and chubby Pennsylvania German girl, with a rather short dress and one of her stockings hanging down over her shoe. The officials thought it would be an amusing spectacle to witness the ceremony and requested the parson for the privilege. It was granted, and three or four of them accompanied the couple to the manse. When arising for the ritual the bride had still neglected to adjust her stocking and the two presented a very picturesque appearance. The groom was also hard of hearing, of which fact the parson was not aware. When they came to the point in the ritual where the question is proposed, "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife," there was no response. The question was repeated in a louder tone of voice. Still there was silence. A third time the question was asked, but still no response. Then the parson approached the groom and with his voice keyed up to the volume of a megaphone shouted the question into his ear, "Dost thou take this woman, N. N., to be thy wedded wife?" The prompt answer of the Irishman was, "You bet

I do." It is needless to say that the whole company was convulsed with laughter and the dominie himself could scarcely refrain from joining in it.

As to the wedding fees, there was a counterpart to the "schnits" incident in connection with a ceremony performed by the parson a number of years later. The occasion was the marriage of two well known citizens of Canton which took place at the American House, at that time the leading hotel in the town. A large company of guests participated in the wedding festivities. As the parson and his wife were about to return to their home, the groom presented him with a pair of cotton gloves as a token of appreciation. They, of course, were accepted, but the recipient was perplexed at this unique sort of wedding fee. They were the kind of gloves that could be purchased at any dry goods store for twenty-five cents. This token seemed quite incongruous with the respectability of the benedict and the magnitude of the occasion.

On returning home the parson threw them down on the table with a feeling of disgust, but a little later thought he would at least try them on, and doing so he found, to his great surprise, a gold dollar concealed in each finger-tip. This golden wedding token of ten dollars was the largest he had ever received up to that time.

The stories here narrated are only a few selected from the dominie's extensive repertoire, and the repertoire again is but a limited selection from his extended and varied matrimonial experiences. At the close of his gospel, St. John asserts that if all things

that the Savior did had been recorded, even the world itself could not contain the books that should have been written. This is only a bit of Oriental exaggerative imagery, but it is literally true that if all the ludicrous happenings in the long life of our early parson had been set down they would constitute a large and rich volume of humorous literature.

IX.

"HINDRANCES" THAT HELPED.

"A youth I see
Whom God has crowned with power but cursed with poverty.
With bravest heart he struggles with his lot through toilsome years;
Kept to his task by daily want of bread
And kept to virtue by his daily task.
Till, gaining manhood in the manly strife,
The fire that fills him smitten from a flint,
The strength that arms him wrested from a fiend,
He stands at last a master of himself,
And in that grace a master of his kind."

These words of our American poet, John G. Holland, have some application at least, to our pioneer parson. As a lonely immigrant boy he came to Canton, homesick and heartsick. A mere stripling of nineteen summers he entered upon his long ministry. His early days were days of pinching poverty. He became of necessity "circuit rider" on foot and had but insufficient clothing to shelter him against the elements.

But the power of God rested upon him and the grace of God abounded in his heart. And so adversity only served to toughen his moral fibre and give him resoluteness of purpose. As the years passed on he acquired mental poise and strength of character until he achieved complete mastery of himself and exerted a large and wholesome influence upon others. He never attained nationwide eminence but

he did stand for decades a conspicuous figure among the Reformed people in eastern Ohio.

The youthful appearance of the young parson seemed to be against him at the outset. Only nineteen years of age he was indeed quite young to assume the pastorship of a charge consisting of ten congregations. The congregations, it is true, were not large, yet they involved considerable locomotion and many parochial duties. There were a few parishioners who, at first sight, thought the young man too boyish and inexperienced for his task. The lack of clerical dignity and of the conventional garb of his profession also militated against him, according to their opinion. Yet this prejudice soon vanished on closer acquaintance.

Illustrative of this is the following incident. While yet a student under Rev. Faust the youth was sent by his preceptor to fill an appointment for him at Uniontown. He had never been there before, and the congregation hardly knew what to expect. On the appointed Sunday this diffident student slipped quietly into the church and took a seat well up in front. No one identified him and no one suspected that this blond haired immigrant boy was the preacher for the morning. Every time the door opened all eyes turned toward it expecting to see the strange minister enter but again and again there was disappointment.

There were whisperings in the congregation that possibly there was some misunderstanding about the arrangements. At the exact time for the

service, however, the beardless youth, in unceremonious costume, walked briskly up the aisle toward the pulpit steps. As he passed the customary seat of the elders, he heard one remarking to another in Pennsylvania German, "Na, das wird heit a mol was gebe." ("From appearances we shall have something very fine today.") The remark was not at all inspiring and might have thrown even an older minister into a serious state of mental funk. But it only served to put the youth on his mettle and in spite of his somewhat cold and incredulous audience he acquitted himself very creditably. So that when he came down from the pulpit he had the satisfaction of hearing one of the younger men say, "Ich will dir sage, der Buh hat's aber runter gerattelt." ("I tell you that boy rattled it off today.")

A few weeks later, after the sudden death of his preceptor, this inexperienced and unsophisticated stripling was elected pastor of the Canton charge, including the Uniontown congregation, which had just been startled by his extreme youthfulness and modesty.

What seemed a hindrance proved a help to him. His youth and diffidence evoked sympathy and affection from the people after they learned to know him. His election as pastor was a signal triumph. And with this sudden responsibility thrown upon him, the young man, as is often the case, developed rapidly and filled the place in such an efficient manner that the charge retained him for fifty-three years and would only consent to his retirement when failing health made it imperative.

In addition to his youth and inexperience the young parson had the "curse of poverty" to contend with. Without funds for the purchase of conveyance or clothing, he ventured to assume the responsibility involved in the marriage vow. Shortly after his ordination he entered into matrimonial relation with Sarah Holwick, a young peasant girl residing in the neighborhood of the Faust residence. In the name of God they founded their home, which in spite of untoward conditions proved a very happy one. In the course of the years the faithful wife went down into the holy and mysterious land of motherhood thirteen times and each time came back bearing a normal and healthy babe in her arms. All of her offspring were reared to maturity except two who died in middle childhood.

It is easy to understand how under such conditions life became for the parson an economic struggle. But this very struggle proved a means of grace. "The strength that armed him was wrested from the fiend" of adverse circumstances. While matrimony brought additional obligations the young parson was singularly fortunate in his choice of a helpmate. Though only sixteen years of age his youthful bride shared with him the burden of his family as well as professional life and proved, in the long run, a valuable asset instead of a liability, as is sometimes the case.

Early marriage is often an advantage instead of a disadvantage. Ben Franklin, it will be remembered, married young, and it is recorded that shortly afterwards he discovered lightning. It is true,

there are those who after early marriage "discover lightning" of a different kind. The young parson, however, was happy in discovering a real treasure. He found that he had joined himself with a sturdy, frugal, economic housewife, a constant source of comfort and encouragement to him. Much of King Lemuel's description of a "worthy woman," contained in the thirty-first chapter of the Book of Proverbs would apply very aptly to her:

"She looketh well to her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff.

"She riseth up while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

She had but the meager education afforded a country girl in those early days and made no pretension to culture and refinement. She knew nothing about the ways of polite society and would have cut a poor figure in a drawing-room, but she knew how to manage her household and proved a genuine helpmeet to her husband.

Though the parson for many years received a salary of no more than two hundred dollars from all his thirteen churches combined, he succeeded, with the aid of his frugal wife, in supporting a very large family besides laying up a little for the future. So that, as Goldsmith said of the "village parson," it could have been said of him,

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich at forty pounds a year."

Husband and wife lived together in utmost contentment and in the same house for a period of sixty-three years and now lie side by side amid the sleeping dust of their kindred in beautiful Westlawn cemetery.

Another "hindrance" which the dominie had to contend with was envy on the part of some of his professional brethren. Canton was in a central and desirable location in those days, and the Canton church perhaps the best in eastern Ohio. The young parson was doing well and there were a few of his ministerial colleagues who violated the tenth commandment when they beheld his prosperity. Not only once but a number of times in his long career did the pioneer encounter what some one has called "the wizened hag, with masked face and serpent tongue." Naturally it was a source of great annoyance to him. Among many flagrant outbursts of this ugly passion I mention only one, and I allow the parson to tell the story in his own language, quoting from his manuscript autobiography:

"For several years things had run along smoothly in Canton when suddenly one day Professor B—— and the Reverend S—— appeared at my house. I received them cordially and we chatted pleasantly for an hour or more. They unhesitatingly accepted an invitation to dinner and seemed to enjoy it very much. After dinner the Rev. S—— said in a very naive way, 'Now I will tell you the purpose of our coming here. The Herr Professor

would like to have your congregation here in Canton.' I answered that I could not and would not give up the congregation to the Herr Professor. The Professor then said, 'If you do not give up the congregation of your own accord I will get it in spite of you.' "

(Those who have been following this series will have no difficulty in divining that Professor B. was none other than J. G. B., who was conducting the newly founded theological seminary in Canton and who conceived the idea that he ought also to serve the Canton congregation.)

"At that time the church building belonged jointly to the Lutherans and the Reformed. The Herr Professor went to the Lutheran minister and secured permission from him to preach on one of his Sundays, and on that Sunday he announced his object to the Reformed people who were present. But the consistory of the Reformed congregation soon notified the Professor that he was not welcome and could not be used. And thus the incident was closed."

If such a thing had happened to you, my clerical brother, what would you have done? The likelihood is you would have opened the door and peremptorily commanded the visitors to leave. The dominie, however, though positively refusing their request, treated his unwelcome guests courteously to the last, and thus showed that he was "master of himself" and in that grace also master of the situation.

The logical result of this incident was that the dominie was more firmly established than ever in

the good graces of his congregation and of the community. Instead of hurting, it helped him, for the people resented such bold interference with their pastor in no uncertain way.

There was one more "hindrance" in the parson's way that needs to be mentioned here, and that was not an incident nor a person but a movement, the "New Measure Movement," as it was called. I have alluded to it in these colums before. It is certain that nothing in all his ministerial career caused the dominie more vexation and more heartache than just this emotional extravaganza that broke out in the Reformed church in the year 1840 and continued for several decades.

The "new measures" were a good and legitimate thing carried to an extreme. At about the time mentioned, prayer and revival meetings were introduced in the Reformed churches in eastern Ohio, and as long as they were conducted with proper decorum, proved satisfactory and helpful. But in a short time the movement changed for the worse and the ministers who fell in with it became wild and fanatical. All the excesses of the early Methodists and the Holy Rollers were indulged in and nowhere in Ohio did these excesses reach such a stage as in Stark and adjoining counties, and nowhere was there more contention over them than in the Canton charge. The majority of the ministers of this section of the church went into the movement seemingly without much qualm or question.

Rev. Peter Herbruck, however, was one of the very few who resisted it. In fact, he was the only

minister in Stark County who held to the old foundations and customs of the Reformed church. The proponent of a sane religion, he stood adamant against all extravagant innovation, a "pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" to a faithful company of well-poised adherents.

The controversy reached such a point that under Rev. Herbruck's leadership a new synod was organized for the purpose of evading these obnoxious and dangerous measures. This synod was popularly known as "The Herbruck Synod," a very unusual sort of distinction.

I am fortunate in possessing a printed copy of the minutes of the first meeting of this synod, held at Columbiana, Ohio, in 1846. The minutes were printed by Daniel Gottschall, of Canton, and naturally are a very rare and valued treasure to a son of the man who figures so conspicuously in them.

Those were stormy times for the Reformed Church in and around Stark County. But in due season the tempest subsided, the emotional disorders in the churches were abandoned, and with this return to "normalcy" the men of the independent organization once more resumed their old synodical relationship.

Personally the dominie emerged from the bitter struggle without fear and without stain, firm in his convictions and holding more tenaciously than ever to our time-honored customs. His people endorsed him with gratifying testimonials and the community held him in higher esteem because of his brave and successful fight.

He realized the truth of what Mark Guy Pearse says so beautifully: "If we could but believe it and act upon it, the worries and annoyances, the wrongs and disappointments, the buffetings and antagonisms,—all these are helps and hands that will shape us in God's image if we will but allow them. These are our opportunities for courage and trust, for endurance and hope, which make us like God. There are no hindrances to moral progress outside us, they are all within; and if Christ dwells within us, reigning there, then all things outside are helps, and cannot be otherwise."

X.

THE MUSICAL STRAIN IN THE DOMINIE'S LIFE.

Entering the office of the burgo-master of the quaint little village of Grossteinhausen, in Bavaria, you will see in a conspicuous place a neatly framed photograph of Peter Herbruck, taken in the late afternoon of his life. Should you ask the burgo-master why and how this picture came to be there, he would answer, "It is there because Peter Herbruck was the most noted representative of our community in a foreign land. He is the pre-eminent figure among those who have gone out from us, the one who above all others achieved success in far-off America and thus has reflected greatest credit upon the place of his birth."

Yet when the blonde-haired young Teuton left his old home in the Fatherland he had but little to take with him aside from his personality. The clothes on his back, a few intimate belongings wrapped in a handkerchief, money enough to pay his ocean passage and five or six dollars besides, constituted his earthly estate.

Among the treasures in that handkerchief was a red silk vest which had been presented to him by his boyhood sweetheart and none in all the village except his parents, regretted the departure of the young emigrant as did the donor of this beautiful

Childhood Home of Rev. Peter Herbruck,
Grossteinhausen, Bavaria

The Old Manse, Canton, Ohio

waistcoat she herself had made. In her case there was no need of any Kathleen Mavourneen sort of lament on the part of her lover. She was not asleep on the early morning of the day of his departure, and he did not need to say to her, as did the Irish lover to his slumbering inamorata:

"Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"

The young lady was not silent but was sympatheticly active when "the gray dawn was breaking" and walked with the little band of adventurers as they left the village, taking her final leave from her lover on the first hilltop down the high-way, from which vantage point she continued waving adieus to him until he disappeared around a curve in the road. Whether Kathleen Mavourneen and her lover ever met afterwards is not known to us, but in this case it is known that the parting proved to be forever and that the young lover never again looked into the eyes of his fair haired Bavarian lassie. She returned to her home and he went forth into the unknown experiences of a long and romantic life in a distant land. The reason for the permanent separation of this young pair is a story too sacred for the printed page and we leave it thus untold.

Several companions of about his own age but somewhat better conditioned were with the young man. They traveled on foot and their immediate objective was the port of Havre, in France. Having reached the straight and poplar lined *chaussee*

they walked through miles upon miles of level country up to Paris, the metropolis, which, in their eagerness to reach their destination, they skirted, touching only one of its suburbs. When they reached Havre they were greeted with the most unwelcome announcement that their ship had just sailed and that there would not be another in less than three weeks. Thus meagre was ocean transportation in that day and thus vexatious the delay.

The worst feature of this retardation, so far as it affected our pilgrim, was the fact that, reserving his fare, he did not have money enough to pay his board in the interim. One of his more favored companions advanced him the money but only upon terms most atrocious. He demanded the red silk vest, that token of undying affection. It was a severe demand but there was no alternative. The exchange was made, constituting a bargain that would have been quite to the taste of the malodorous Merchant of Venice. After such an experience it is not strange that when the little band finally reached Philadelphia our young emigrant parted company with his fellow travelers and faced the uncertainties of this new country alone.

But before landing on American soil there were some still further bitter trials in store for our adventurer. The old French hulk on which the party sailed was in such a decayed condition that she was scarcely equal to the voyage. Some two hundred miles out at sea a terrific storm broke over them, raging with the utmost fury for a day and a night. The main mast broke off flush with the deck

and with part of the rigging toppled over into the seething waters, giving the vessel a decided and dangerous list to starboard. All believed that their end had come and that they were fated to go to the bottom. Happily an English schooner came by the way, delivered them out of their perilous entanglement and towed them to the port of Plymouth, where two full weeks were spent in making needed repairs. During this time the passengers were landed on the wharf early each morning and compelled to remain ashore until after sunset. Most of them were fortunate enough to be able to purchase something to eat but our young adventurer was penniless, having paid out the money received for the silk vest to his landlord at Havre, while waiting for the vessel's departure. Thus he was forced to fast, except for the meagre ration doled out in the early morning of each day. In a fortnight they were off once more on their long cruise, arriving at Philadelphia after seventy-two days of zigzagging across the wide Atlantic.

The voyage filled our emigrant with such disgust and loathing of ocean travel that he could never again make up his mind to face the qualmish tedium and the *Kotzebuic* desperation of a return trip to his native land. The name of the old ship on which he sailed, as well as the ship itself, has drifted into oblivion. I have often but vainly wondered what it was. It might have been the *Cynthia* or the *Russia,* the *Asia* or the *Persia,* but a better and more logical guess would be the *Nausea.* At least, there could not have been a more fitting appellation than

that, making no allowance for translation into French.

It has already been related in these pages how young Peter found his way from Philadelphia to Canton, and into the home of kind-hearted farmer Wirt, who resided a few miles west of the town. In addition to his honest German character he brought with him a measure of native talent and an ardent love of music. He knew how to play the violin and piano only moderately well but was passionately interested in the culture of the divine art in home and church, and seduously fostered it throughout his life.

In these hard pioneer days there was not much time for music, and musical instruments of the better class were rare. I have heard the dominie tell smilingly of a violin which he made during his transient sojourn in the Wirt homestead. It must have been a very crude and faulty creation, yet it served its purpose and enabled him to give expression, imperfect though it was, to his limited violin reportoire. A daughter of farmer Wirt told me in her old age how as a child she listened to the strains drawn from that little violin and how she was filled with rapture by them. Naturally it was not with a critical ear that she listened to the music and naturally too there was no great technical skill in its rendition, yet the amateur's playing proved pleasing in a high degree to his pioneer auditors. His instrument was not an instrument of torture, as is often the case, but an instrument of delight. There are persons living now to whom that home made violin,

crude as it was, would have an almost fabulous value could it somehow be resurrected from its silent and dusty oblivion.

When the young teacher suddenly became a minister of the Gospel he took his musical handiwork with him into the parsonage and made use of it for a time. As soon, however, as economic conditions warranted, he exchanged it for another and a better one. After the lapse of several years and the advent of children into the home, the violin gave way to a piano, a marked innovation in that early day. It was a thing almost unheard of that a modest parson should own so pretentious and rare an instrument. At the time of its purchase it was the only piano in Canton, east of Market street, and altogether the oldest instrument, having been imported from Zurich, Switzerland. It was not strange that the humble folk in the neighborhood of the manse looked at it with open-eyed astonishment and listened to it with raptures of delight.

The musical instruments most in vogue in this section of the country then were the violin, perhaps more correctly called the fiddle, and the accordeon. The piano was extraordinary, and as for orchestra music it was almost totally unknown. Instead of these there could be heard occasionally a kind of music that might be regarded an anachronism for jazz. In volume and variety of sound it even far surpassed it. The music referred to was that produced by the calathumpian band, in some parts called the ox band, but in and around Canton familiarly known as the "bellingparty." Only at some

wedding in the East End did this hastily improvised organization come into play. The instrumentation was varied and grotesque — tin horns, frying pans, dinner-bells, sleigh-bells, cow-bells, every conceivable kind of bell, from the tintinnabulam to a large factory bell swung on a frame, and with difficulty wheeled into line for the occasion. A greater variety of instruments than "sounded on the plains of Dura, when the Chaldean monarch commanded the worship of the golden image," gave out their grating discords. Far above everything else arose the notes of the veritable horse-fiddle, the bass of the vast "symphony." There was a Bedlam of dissonance, a pandemonium of noise, greatly enjoyed by the performers and not always unwelcome to the "benedicts," though it cost them a treat for the entire company.

In such primitive surroundings it is easily understand how the dominies' *claverin*, or *Klavier*, as he called it, proved a great attraction and how the parlor of the manse was a very popular place on musical nights. Later on the claverin was displaced by a more modern piano purchased from a manufacturing firm in Baltimore. And this firm found a gratifying benefactor in the young parson when they sold him that first instrument, for in the course of a decade or so he aided them in placing, without the least profit to himself, a score of instruments in Canton and nearby villages.

As a result of this collaboration, the company's representative, when he came to town, made his rendezvous at the manse and, by reason of his unvary-

ing amiability became *persona grata* there. Combining goodfellowship with technical skill on his chosen instrument he proved a strong attraction. Whenever it became known that he was to spend an evening in the dominie's parlor an eager and expectant company of friends "dropped in" for an hour or two of rare entertainment.

Having given a program of high class music he would for the benefit of the less cultured descend to a little lower level and indulge in some startling technical stunts. One of these we still remember. Placing on the keyboard a shawl, such as was worn by men in that day, he played with fortissimo movement as well as with apparent ease some of the familiar "rag-time" current then.

This performance always met with an enthusiastic reception, especially from the uninvited part of the audience that occupied vantage points outside the unscreened parlor windows. The most conspicuous and altogether the happiest person in the gathering was the parson. This trick music meant little to him but the amusement of his guests meant much. He himself preferred the weightier compositions of the masters, and he eventually succeeded in imbuing the musical aspirants around him with the same preference.

While talking of musical stunts, I pause here to tell of another, and back of it is a sad story. In the middle of the last century there lived in the East End of Canton an admirable couple by the name of Langhans. They came originally from the city of Hamburg and were Germans of the finest type,

well-bred, genteel and music-loving. For a time Herr Langhans owned and conducted a hardware store and enjoyed a goodly measure of prosperity, but he lacked thrift, spent his money freely and lived on a scale beyond his means. Inevitably he soon reached the end of his resources and had nothing left but a cozy little cottage of colonial type.

Everything gone, the ex-merchant finally became janitor of the little two-room school house on East Fifth street in which we started our educational career. It was the very abyss of pathos to see this cultured old gentleman tottering and pottering around in the discharge of his menial duties, a sport and a mockery to the thoughtless children whom he sought to serve. Yet it is pleasing to record that while he had lost his earthly substance he had not lost character, and what was still better he had not lost heart. He could no longer conduct a business but he could still play the piano and sing and whistle. He remained in close touch with the dominie, and he and his good *Frau* were often present at social gatherings in the parsonage, and while there the old musician, though the timbre of his voice was much affected by the passing years, would entertain the company with selections from his repertoire holding over from better days. The selection which always found most favor with the juvenile portion of the gathering was a whistling solo, a great musical innovation at that time. Our young people may regard the whistling solo as the exclusive product of this progressive generation; but not so, we heard it in the parlor of the manse more than

sixty years ago, and that too from the lips of one whose earthly lot would hardly suggest it.

The love of music was deeply ingrained in the nature of the young parson. And this is partly explained by the fact that he belonged to a race that produced many of the world's great musicians, in truth three of the very greatest, namely Bach, Beethoven and Wagner, and also by the fact that though born in an obscure German village he rceived early musical training both vocal and instrumental. With an inborn passion for the divine art his interest in music was not confined to the home or the social circle but extended also to the church, and through the church to the community. He manifested much enthusiasm for the introduction of pipe organs into the sanctuary and did some effective pioneer work in that direction.

It is said of Ulric Zwingli, the founder of the Reformed church, that when in the cause of the Reformation, he assumed exclusive control of the cathedral of Zurich he took out the pipe organ and never again permitted it to be returned. This fact has been made use of by some of his modern critics as indicating a lack of interest in church music. And it is possible that it meant the swing of the pendulum to an opposite extreme. In his burning zeal the great reformer may have gone too far. Yet there is a mitigating phase to this act of iconoclasm, which appears when we call to mind what sort of thing a pipe organ was four hundred years ago — a clumsy chest of crude pipes, without keyboard and without tracker or pneumatic action but instead a

row of knotted ropes suspended from the chest. In the act of playing, these ropes were manipulated in a way that suggested a gymnastic performance or the antics of Mr. Punch, thus nullifying the worshipful effect of the music. It is possible that this condition had something to do with Zwingli's removal of the organ from his church.

Be that as it may, the young parson, though a thorough Zwinglian in other respects, was more interested in putting organs into churches than he was in taking them out.

Just when the first organ was placed in the old Union church (Reformed and Lutheran) on East Tuscarawas street I cannot now recall but I still remember an incident of a serio-comic nature that happened later. The instrument needed some attention. An organ expert, who had helped install it, was sent on from Pittsburg. He seemed to be in a hurry and his undue haste resulted in calamity. Knowing that the Pennsylvania railroad on entering Canton ran close by the manse and that the station was about a mile farther down the line he hoped to save time by undertaking to alight from the rapidly moving train as it passed East Tuscarawas street. He did alight but not in the way expected. After executing several somersaults he landed in a heap by the roadside. His arrival at the manse was a little earlier than by the regular route, for sympathetic by-standers immediately carried him there. Yet he saved no time by taking the short cut, since he was compelled to keep his bed for more than a week nursing his bruises and recovering from the

shock of the fall. The act proved a comical fiasco, causing the expert much delay and entailing inconvenience upon the *Frau Pastorin.*

The unfortunate craftsman's distress did not end with his clumsy acrobatic performance. There was more to follow. In taking the organ apart for repairs he placed a considerable number of the pipes by the side of a hot stove, with disastrous consequences. The pipes were made of lead, a fact which the zealous artisan had overlooked, and from the effect of the heat became woefully twisted. This distortion was so complete that it could not be corrected. The damaged pipes refused to speak and had to be returned to the factory to be made over, causing another vexatious and unwelcome delay. But these were mere incidents. After several weeks the instrument was fully restored and everybody connected with the task was impressed anew with the wisdom of the old adjuration to hasten slowly.

A problem which confronted the parson after the organ had been installed was the securing of an organist. Instrumental musicians of all kinds and pipe-organists in particular were very rare in those days. By a happy coincidence a young Canton musician, Mr. George Deuble, had just wooed and won the parson's daughter, Caroline, and in his kindness of heart came to the parson's rescue. While not familiar with "the kist of whistles" he bravely volunteered to acquaint himself with it. In a short time he achieved a mastery of the instrument, and taking charge of it, remained the organist of the First Reformed Church for a period of thirty-five years

or until the time of the dominie's retirement from the active ministry in 1885. It was a service of exceptional duration and efficiency, and it is pleasing to record here that it has been fittingly memorialized by his children, who have installed a beautiful set of chimes in the organ of Trinity church, in honor of their musical father and his devoted spouse — a beautiful tribute indeed to the memory of an estimable couple.

But the dominie's musical tribulations were not all ended. A short time later the troublesome organist question arose once more. Having installed an instrument in one of his country churches north of Canton, he entered upon a vigorous quest for a suitable player. His efforts proved fruitless and for a time the organ remained silent, according to the German couplet,

> "Wo du nicht bist, Herr Organist,
> Da schweigen alle Floeten."

"In your absence, Sir organist, all pipes refuse to speak." The dominie, however, met the situation successfully, and disposed of the difficulty by learning to play the instrument and taking charge of it himself. But by thus doing he created another problem, a problem belonging to the realm of physics rather than that of music.

The church in which the instrument was installed was one of the old Pennsylvania type, with a high pulpit and gallery extending around three sides. For structural reasons the organ had been located in the gallery to the right of the pulpit. Access to it was in a roundabout way, involving a

long and awkward pause before and after each hymn. This embarrassing pause the dominie eliminated by devising a short-cut to the instrument. The contrivance consisted of a plank reaching from the pulpit to the gallery rail. It reduced the distance amazingly but at the same time involved an aerial feat of considerable magnitude, a lofty promenade which, despite the appellation, not every "sky pilot" would have presumed to undertake. The dominie, however, performed it with composure at each service. Whether this unusual physical act added to or detracted from the worship is another matter. It is easy to imagine some of the older members of the congregation sitting in breathless suspense while the minister walked the narrow plank from the pulpit across to the gallery rail. The pipe organist problem, however, found its effective though somewhat singular solution.

Naturally the dominie's interest in church music was not limited to the organ but extended also to the service of song. And this too carried with it some difficulties. Conditions then were not very favorable to the maintenance of church choirs, "Music, heavenly maid, was young" in Stark county, good voices were rare and the lot of the people such as to afford little leisure or disposition for singing. All the more honor therefore, to the young parson, that, in face of this adverse situation and out of his cloddy and crude surroundings he succeeded in calling to existence several excellent choirs. Among these the one organized in the church at Canton took first rank. The German population of the little

town furnished very fair material for the recruiting of a choir. With the assistance of Mr. Deuble a splendid mixed chorus was brought together, which through a long period of years added greatly to the inspiration of the services. The repertoire of this chorus included a number of selections from the great masters. One of these stands out conspicuously in my boyhood memories, for it always filled me with rapture, namely, "The Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. It has been said that "Beethoven brings angels down to earth and Mozart lifts mortals up to heaven." The singing of this marvelous composition, as I heard it in youth, had both of these effects upon me, and aided me greatly in the worship of God. I have seldom heard it sung any better by more modern and more pretentious choruses.

Naturally such a choir was in demand and often accompanied its pastor to church dedications, corner-stone layings, missionary festivals and such like services. There is a limited number of the more recent members of that old organization still surviving and they are honored by the music-loving people who remember their superior vocal accomplishments of half a century ago.

This and much more the dominie did toward the culture of music in Canton. It was the logical thing to expect from one of his nature and disposition. He had music in his heart and it impelled him to foster it in his surroundings. He was a man of peace and harmony, though he had much of discord to contend with through certain years of his long

ministry. Those who knew him will never forget him, not only because he was of an amiable and irenical disposition but also because of his striking personality — tall and impressive in stature, with hair as "white as the blossom of an almond tree." According to the vogue of the times, he covered his head with a silk hat, and his shoulders with a large, plaid-lined cloak, and carried a cane. He was a picturesque and dignified figure as he walked through the streets of the town. His friends admired him, his parishioners loved him and everybody greeted him with respect as he went to and fro.

The last decade of his life was spent in enforced retirement on account of weakened memory and failing eye-sight, though aside from this he had but few of the frailties concomitant with life's closing years. Little of Cicero's classic, "About Old Age," would have been applicable in his case. He was totally without ache or pain as he sat day by day at a window of the manse, fronting on East Tuscarawas street. He had no fear of entering into the presence of his God, for he had been in his presence all his life time. When his end approached he lay down for several weeks on his couch and then without a moment's illness fell gently into his long last sleep. A serenity born of immortal youth rested upon him as his soul went heavenward. The night was darker because a light had gone out and the world was colder because a warm and generous heart had ceased to beat. Loving hands carried the sainted dominie to his grave and with him also a good part of the early history of Canton.

XI.

ABOUT GHOSTS.

Just west of the manse, a narrow street intervening, stood the old Union Church, Reformed and Lutheran. For the time and place it was a rather pretentious building, of the familiar Pennsylvania style of architecture, made of red brick and two stories high. The interior was of the same conventional type, gallery on three sides, high pulpit on the fourth and painted immaculately white, except a blue canopy over the pulpit. There was something about this specklessly solemn edifice that inspired the worshipper with a feeling of reverence.

The writer has not forgotten how as a boy he used to be overawed by the severe, the almost unearthly whiteness of the building, and reluctantly entered it except in the company of others. But there was a cause for this reluctance aside from the snowy whiteness of the place and that was a certain closet under one of the stairways. Before telling of this closet, however, a little illumination is in order.

Back of the church was the church yard in which lay the sleeping dust of the "rude forefathers." The unoccupied part of this churchyard served as a playground for the children of the neighborhood, who gathered there each summer evening for an hour or two of fun and frolic. The repertoire of games nearly always concluded at dusk with

a sensation. Someone saw a spook among the tombstones, and the whole company scampered homeward without delay.

The seeing of spooks was a very common thing at that time and in that neighborhood. There wasn't a boy or girl who couldn't tell some harrowing tales of ghostly apparitions. And it was not surprising that the children "saw things" when many of the parents themselves would tell of "things strange, breathless and upsetting" in and about the cemetery.

It was a fantastic lot of spooks that haunted that neighborhood according to the report of the juvenile population. The most sensational of all was one who appeared only on rare occasions—a man carrying his head under his arm, after the manner of Ichabod Crane or the martyr St. Denis.

Comporting with it all was an eccentric sexton, ruddy-faced and short of stature, wearing a "stovepipe" hat even while engaged in digging graves, and looking for all the world like one of Rip Van Winkle's gnomes.

And this brings us back to the closet under the west stairway of the church. My dread of that closet was due to its contents, for it housed the sexton's gruesome outfit, including a black bier of simple construction, a very black piece of cloth which served as a pall, and other funeral equipment. It need hardly be said that to my boyish imagination there was something more in that closet, namely a skeleton of the graveyard kind, which on sundry occasions rattled the sexton's implements in a terrifying sort of way. Very naturally we boys never lin-

gered around that uncanny place, and when we had occasion to pass it, did so in rapid transit.

But this was not the only church closet I had to contend with in youth. There was another that filled me with still greater fear. It was in the new Reformed Church, later erected at the western end of this same graveyard. In this case, however, the closet was a belfry, in which a murder had been committed.

A very estimable member of the church was stabbed to death there by a drunken and discarded husband, just before an afternoon service. The floor of this belfry remained blood-stained for years, for in spite of soap and water, like the spot on Lady Macbeth's hand, the stains could not be removed. There was no means of lighting the place and often in the darkness my boyish fancy played havoc with my judgment, when I was sent there to ring the bell. There seemed to be ghostly occupants, and their presence sent the goose-flesh up my back and hastened my exit mightily.

This foolish belief in ghosts, which possessed the juvenile population of Canton fifty years ago, caused me much mental agony and nervous fear. But thanks to parental caution, I afterwards discarded this childish superstition and was able to walk through the graveyard or that belfry at any hour of the night without undue agitation.

But while the fear of spooks among younger people has almost totally vanished there has come into vogue a somewhat similar though a little more refined superstition among grown-ups. Most of

those who entertain it, make a religion of it, which the sainted Dr. Talmadge used to call "The Religion of Ghosts." Instead of fearing and avoiding the ghosts as we used to, they court them and seek to evoke from them a wisdom which cannot be obtained elsewhere. They ignore Moses and the prophets and even Christ himself, and seek direct communication with the spirit world. Much of this cult is vulgar and palpable fraud, some of it sincere but foolish drivel.

There is, however, a small company of scientific men devoted to psychic research for whom I have the greatest personal respect, but in whose task I have no confidence. Indeed I venture this assertion, which I believe to be impregnable: "There is not a single properly established case of spirit communication on record. There have been some very positive claims but none that will stand the test of a rational scrutiny."

Many of us remember the Rev. I. K. Funk, editor of the *Literary Digest,* and how sincerely he reposed faith in spirit intercourse with men. So certain was he of his ground that a little while before his death he invented a puzzle consisting of five parts. Separating the parts he gave four of them to four intimate friends. The fifth he kept for himself and secreted it in some spot beyond the possibility of human discovery. He then publicly proposed the test that after his departure he would come back and reveal the whereabouts of the fifth part, and thus solve the puzzle. But Dr. Funk has been sleeping for twelve years in Pine Hill Ceme-

tery on Long Island and that puzzle has not yet been solved. Nor will it ever be solved by any information received from the good Doctor.

All the literary world knew William T. Stead, the gifted journalist and devout Christian. His confidence in spirit messages was equal to that of Dr. Funk and he, too, proposed to prove his contention by sending some word from the other world to his friends on earth. A few months after his announced proposal, he became a victim of the Titanic disaster and went down into the icy waters of the North Atlantic. No message has as yet been received from him, at least no message the authenticity of which would be accepted by thinking men. There could be a large expansion of these spiritistic fiascos on the part of educated men, but I shall allude to only one other.

Professor Hyslop, of Harvard University, the eminent psychologist who devoted the latter part of his life to psychic research, declared that the dead could talk to us. He is now among the dead, unfortunately. His friends said that he would come back from the other world and tell us about it; but has he come or will he? Thus far his voice has been as silent as the grave in which he sleeps. He died because of a bloodclot on the brain, or more specifically a bloodclot on the third or inferior left frontal convolution of the brain, in which the speech center is located. He lingered helpless for several days before his departure and though his spirit was inside the brain he was unable to speak before he died. A slight interference with the brain tissue made it

impossible for him to speak, rendering useless his lungs and vocal cords. Now if his spirit could not speak to friends who stood beside his couch, because the Broca convolution would not function, how will it speak from the other side of the grave without brain or lungs or vocal cords? How can that which is not material produce in our material atmosphere sound waves to be taken up by the ear drum and conveyed to the brain? In a material world spirits can express themselves only through matter. Ghosts leave their skulls and all their convolutions in the grave, how then can they talk? The answer is, *they do not.*

Come to think of it, in all our early experience in the haunted graveyard we never encountered a spook that had anything to say. There was no peeping or muttering, no squeaking or screeching, much less any intelligible articulation. We didn't understand the reason for this then, but we understand it now. The Broca convolution was missing. We were very foolish as boys; are some men much wiser today?

At this writing Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park, is engaged in the work of inventing an instrument intended to facilitate spirit speaking. Edison is "a genius in certain lines, but a little queer in others," as his best friend, the now departed John Burroughs, said when he heard of this undertaking. The utmost he can accomplish is to demonstrate the futility of all such efforts, and in that way afford us some relief from a whole lot of foolishness and fraud.

Voltaire is credited with the remark that all the erratic spirits of the sidereal system have been condemned and consigned to this earth as their abode; in other words, that the earth is the lunatic asylum of the universe. There are those who think that this accounts for many of the crazy things so naively reported by spiritists. There is a sense in which Voltaire's remark may be true, but it is not the sense in which some have understood it. Voltaire did not allude to the kind of spirits that cavort around graveyards and manifest themselves so fantastically at seances, but he had in mind those that become incarnate in human forms, with whom we walk and talk and come in daily contact. There is much to be said in favor of Voltaire's remark. There are periods when it seems as though the whole race were insane. We have just been passing through such an one and have not totally emerged from it. There is indeed a host of erratic spirits on earth, but they are embodied in frames of clay, and they are much in the limelight, not in cemeteries at midnight, nor in the darkened rooms of mediums. The ghosts of the wise or the foolish dead are not trying to reveal themselves in the weird and devious ways with which we have been so familiar.

By the way, should you ever be tempted to attend a seance, take my advice and avoid it. Go to a magician's performance instead. There is no morbidity about that. The prestidigitateur will deceive your eyes and baffle your wit, but he will not poison your intelligence, nor lay it open to infection by superstition He will fool you, but he will not make

a fool of you. You will see things as mystifying as at any spiritistic seance and yet know there is nothing supernal about it. I once heard Keller, the greatest of magicians, say from the platform, and to my great surprise in the German language, "Geschwindigkeit ist keine Hexerei." (Dexterity is not witchcraft.) He and others of his profession will regale you with hocus pocus, but will not claim that it is anything else but that. An evening of legerdemain is innocent amusement; an evening with spooks is foolish and hurtful, questionable business, to say the least.

So far as I am concerned, ocular and scientific proof of immortality is neither here nor there. I do not ask, nor do I care for it. I have evidence of a different kind, more convincing and more satisfying, but it is not expedient to adduce it here. I know that immortality must be true, for without it life would be a horrible and cruel jest, and eternal justice a mere mockery.

XII.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

At the risk of being regarded garrulous in reminiscence, I shall narrate here a few incidents that happened during my boyhood days in and about Canton. These incidents have no interest to the public except as they serve to throw some light on the much discussed subject announced in the heading of these "Reflections." Personally I make no pretention to much technical knowledge of clairvoyance and I am using the term here in its general sense, which includes fortune telling, spiritualism, etc.

One morning a neighbor, residing near the manse, found one of his horses, a comely gray mare, missing from the stable. Manifestly someone had entered the place during the night and taken the animal away. Diligent search proved fruitless and the owner concluded that his good gray mare was gone beyond recovery. About a week after the theft a professional clairvoyant appeared on the scene, and for a substantial fee proposed to locate the missing horse. There was no hesitancy in accepting his services. After some fitting hocus-pocus the vagabond soothsayer declared that the animal was grazing in a field along the highway just south of Akron. The revelation proved to be correct and the much sought for animal was reclaimed. Most of the townsfolk believed that the disclosure was accomplished by some occult power on the part of the

clairvoyant, "but some doubted." The matter was often discussed in the pastoral home, yet the dominie who was one of the doubters never succeeded in finding a more plausible explanation.

Several years later an incident occurred which furnished some of the skeptics a key with which to unlock the secret of this clairvoyant's power. It was a practical joke played on a farmer in the vicinity. In the night time some wags removed a plow from his farm and concealed it in the fork of a nearby tree. The farmer made careful but fruitless quest and finally concluded that the implement had been stolen. Shortly afterwards, however, one of the wags, disguised as a fortune teller, went to the farmer's home and for a nominal consideration revealed the location of the missing plow. The boys of the neighborhood enjoyed the joke immensely. The farmer never penetrated the mystery and probably went to his grave a firm believer in clairvoyance. The perpetration of this prank made it easy for "the doubters" to find a rational explanation of the missing and recovered horse.

One more incident of a somewhat similar nature. A well known citizen, residing some twelve miles east of Canton and possessing a maple grove, purchased a large number of maple sap buckets and placed them in position. Returning from church on the following morning, he discovered that all of the buckets were missing. A careful search of the neighborhood revealed no trace of them. On Monday morning the family came to Canton to consult a clairvoyant, an amiable old man by the name of

Lindeman, who practiced pow-wowing and lived just back of the manse. Having consulted his "book" at the proper page the venerable father advised them to return home with the assurance that they would find the missing vessels duly restored. On their return they found things as he had predicted, every bucket was there and in rightful position. It was an astonishing and mystifying achievement. The farmer and his family, of course, accepted the interpretation that was on the surface and credited father Lindeman with marvelous occult power.

Yet there were those in the community who had a more rational explanation of this astonishing achievement. There was living near the farmer's home a family of somewhat shady repute, who had been guilty of theft on sundry occasions, a fact which makes the mystery of the case as "clear as fountains in July." This suspicious gentry had no doubt taken the buckets, but observing the family start to town on Monday morning concluded that they were going to inform the sheriff. Their fear of detection and punishment induced them to restore the vessels while the owners were absent from home. A guilty conscience on the part of the culprit, rather than any occult power on the part of father Lindeman, is to be credited with the return of the missing buckets. The pow-wow doctor was talking at a venture, as such folks always do, and happened to hit. In these cabalistic "revelations" the chances of hitting and missing are even, but the failures are never published.

All of this sounds trivial and seems to belong to a past and credulous generation, yet, strange to say, we have it with us still. Clairvoyance, soothsaying, fortune telling, spirit communication and the like are in full vogue in this twentieth century, though their terminology has a more "scientific" flavor. There are educated people in our day who even after investigation accept many of the claims of these various but allied cults. And that's a phenomenon worth observing.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the brilliant English author, visited this country a few months ago on a lecture tour. He is a little inclined to be sensational and much given to paradox. One of his most popular lectures was on the subject, "The Ignorance of the Educated." It was not my good fortune to hear it but I am sure that the lecturer had a broad field and ample material for the support of his theme. He very pertinently quoted the sage proverb of our humorous philosopher, Josh Billings, "It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so." We all are familiar with some very famous people to whom this saying might aptly apply.

It is known to our readers that Sir A. Conan Doyle, writer of detective stories, turned spiritualist several years ago. If my memory serves me rightly, the cause of this change was that a young soldier in France wrote to Lady Doyle revealing the whereabouts of some article she had lost. After a little cogitation (it must have been very little), Sir Conan experienced a change of mental attitude to-

ward occultism. The exact details of this "revelation" have escaped me and I cannot therefore venture a natural and rational explanation. Some psychologists might explain it, as they have tried to explain similar cases, by means of mental telepathy, one mind entering another, purloining its thoughts and later revealing them. Now the science of mental telepathy, if it may be called a science, is as yet in an undeveloped stage. It seems to have reached no definite conclusions, and those who are studying it are still very much at sea. What results may yet be attained remains to be seen.

In passing over the technical phases of this somewhat nebulous subject, I shall venture a short and simple assertion, which I believe cannot be successfully controverted. The assertion is this, "There is as yet no well established case of one man entering into the mind of another and filching his thoughts." This assertion covers any method that may be employed for this purpose, whether scientific or occult. Nor is there an established instance of a man entering the realm of spirits and securing information of any value to the individual or the race. Concerning all the numerous and pretentious claims of clairvoyants and spiritists we must apply the old Scotch verdict, "Not Proven." One wonders at the credulity of some highly educated people who accept as reliable the erratic communications of mediums and soothsayers. The very nature of the messages received stamps them as questionable. They always relate to the most inane and contemptible trivialities. No word of any real value to anyone

in particular or to the race in general has ever been received. There ought to be some highly important revelations if the professions of clairvoyants are true, but we have obtained absolutely none. It is difficult to follow the logic of some educated men who base "scientific" conclusions upon the recovery of such articles as a thimble that was lost, a plow that was concealed or even an old gray mare that was stolen.

If clairvoyants actually possessed the powers they claim they would surely be better circumstanced than they are. Ninety-nine per cent of them are impecunious and most of them of rather questionable character. They are usually quartered in back rooms on the second floor of third class buildings, doling out stereotyped misinformation at fifty cents *per;* whereas if they were genuine they would be living in mansions and hobnobbing with philosophers and millionaires. Just think of some of the things these people would be doing if their professions were honest and they were able to pilfer the thoughts of other men by telepathy or by way of spirit communication. For example, they would go into Wall Street, get conveniently near some coterie of financiers, absorb their thoughts and schemes, and an hour later break into the stock market with unlimited profit to themselves. In time of war they could approach the headquarters of the enemy's general staff, abstract their plans and secrets and anticipate their every movement. The result of decisive battles could be determined by the knowledge thus secured. They could go into a court room,

read the mind of the counsel on either side of the case and disclose it to the other side. Or they could read the thoughts of a prisoner at the bar and thus effect his conviction or acquittal, as the case might require. There are a thousand wonderful things they would be able to achieve, if their ability were equal to their avowal.

People with such power would have incalculable capacity for good or evil. Everybody would be seeking them out and kowtowing to them. With such possibilities would they be likely to be quartered in musty rooms on upper floors, accepting paltry fees from superstitious folk? Would father Lindeman have lived in his cottage, a poor and uneducated man, had he had the power his patrons and others attributed to him? This is quite improbable. One need not be much of a psychologist or scientist to recognize the force of such palpable truths as these. I feel warranted in repeating my former assertion that there is no established instance of a man entering into the mind of another and stealing his thoughts or of anyone receiving valuable information from the realm of spirits.

Should any of my readers wish to have his fortune told I offer my services, I am not of the profession, but I am confident I can tell you something of great interest and importance to you. You may be a perfect stranger to me, yet I will agree to furnish a reliable thumb-nail character sketch of yourself. My fee is ten dollars, to be paid in advance. And this is what I would tell you after receiving the money, "You are a spendthrift." The characteriza-

tion would be positively correct, for only a spendthrift would pay so much for so little. And yet this little would be worth more than all the stereotyped nonsense you would get from the best fortune teller in the world.

Or should you wish to obtain information from the spirit realm, I believe I can help you solve this arresting problem also. I can reveal to you a way by which you can hear God's voice and receive a wealth of heavenly revelation. This may sound preposterous, but the proposal is genuine. I am sure I can make known a process by which you can receive unmistakable messages from God Himself. It is all very simple, and it is very old too, so old that you may have forgotten. The process I refer to is that of prayer. Through repentance and supplication, through faith and love, you may approach God and He will come near to you. To many, as Pascal pathetically says, He is a "God forever misunderstood," but to those who worship Him in sincerity He makes Himself known and reveals His will so plainly that it cannot be mistaken. You may not only approach Him and hear His voice, but He will come into your heart and abide with you. Having God within, you must be in closest contact with the Heavenly and Divine. He will influence and direct you in making your choice and selecting your way. He will walk with you and talk with you, and you will not be at a loss which way to turn or what to do. Such guidance will be infinitely more satisfying than the ghostly and fantastic talk of medium or clairvoyant.

XIII.

PREDICTIONS AND PROPHECY.

In early youth I heard from the lips of my father a prediction which made a profound impression upon me. The prediction was repeated a number of times later on, and always with sober mien and solemn voice. The circumstances which evoked this ominous utterance were these:

Canton had just been aroused out of its village slumber by the coming of two large manufactories of mowers and reapers. These shops, employing some five or six hundred men, developed rapidly and with the development brought large wealth to their owners. The workmen received rather limited, even meager, wages and lived in modest houses in the south and east end of the town. There was a contrast both social and economical between employer and employee. This contrast was observed by the pioneer parson and along with his knowledge of human nature became the basis for the prediction alluded to.

This is what the parson said: "There is coming a time when there will be a great revolution in this country. A clash between employer and employee is inevitable, because of the difference in their material condition. I shall not live to see it, but you will, my son. A conflict between capital and labor is sure to come."

Now this sounds very familiar in our day, but it must be remembered that these words were first spoken more than fifty years ago, before there was as yet any expressed dissatisfaction on the part of workingmen, before strikes and lockouts, walking delegates, soap-box orators, and such like propaganda had come into play. For the time such utterance was quite extraordinary.

It should be noted, however, that the utterance was not a prophecy but a prediction, for there's a difference. The one who made the prediction was not "the seventh son of a seventh son," and laid no claim to any mystical revelatory power. He reached his conclusion in a perfectly natural way, after the manner of an actuary or perhaps, more correctly, after the manner of the "official guesser" at Washington. This "guesser" is a functionary employed by the Government to tell the Finance Committee of the Senate which way things are heading industrially and economically. How much truth the dominie's prediction contains, the course of the last half century has revealed. And who is now prepared to say that the forecast is very far amiss?

Since hearing this early prediction I have heard many others and I am hearing men make predictions now. The country is full of "forecasters." As a rule, those who know the least are the most prolific in prophecy and also the most positive in their utterances.

The yokel whose scope of observation is limited to a ten acre field can tell you more definitely what is going to happen in a year or a decade hence than

the man whose outlook is nation or even world wide. The less brains the more cockiness there is in forecasting events. I have no interest in the modern "prophet," but am always ready to listen with respect to the conclusions of scholarly men, who study the philosophy of current events and scrutinize carefully the leanings of the human heart.

I shall instance here a few cases of fulfilled prediction, which some might call prophecy, but which we call only intelligent "guesses" or forecasts.

Some four or five years before the outbreak of the great World War a man whose name we cannot recall, but an Englishman, be it noted, foretold the coming of that dread catastrophe and asserted with much positiveness that England would be one of the belligerents. He based his prediction on the well known commercial rivalry between England and Germany. Here were two powerful and ambitious nations who in their commercial plans and enterprises were antagonistic. Instead of running parallel they were heading directly toward each other. It seemed axiomatic that sooner or later they would come into violent collision, and in the nature of things that collision could not take place without involving other nations also. So spoke this Englishman and there was nothing supernal about the man's utterance whatever. It was simply a conclusion reached by careful observation of the signs of the times, yet it was a solemn truth which reached its sanguinary fulfillment in due season.

Another prediction of a somewhat similar character was made by an American about ten years

ago. This "prophet," whose name also I cannot recall, asserted that Italy in spite of her connection with the Triple Alliance, would in case of an armed conflict fight on the side of the Entente. Now to the average American this forecast did not look plausible at the time it was made, in fact it seemed totally erroneous. The forecaster based his conclusion on a bit of political economy. He calculated that Italy would have less to expect fighting on the side of a victorious Drei-Bund than she would have on the side of a victorious Entente. He reasoned that the stronger Germany and Austria became the less they would have to offer their ally on the south, that many of Austria's objectives were in direct conflict with those of Italy, and knowing Italian human nature he concluded that in the crucial hour Italy would forsake her partners and ally herself with their enemies.

How correct this reasoning was is now apparent. At the outbreak of the war Italy declared herself neutral, quite the proper thing in case she did not care to fight. But shortly afterwards she entered into diplomatic negotiations with both sides with a view to ascertaining what they had to offer. The negotiations were devoid of every vestige of idealism and degenerated into "a veritable cattle trade," as some one called it. The Entente had the better bargain for Italy and accordingly secured her support.

This is not the place to discuss the ethics of this transaction, or of any of the other decisive events of the War, yet I may be permitted this comment in

passing. When the history of the great conflict is written by an absolutely neutral pen, uninfluenced by censored reports and the smooth and deceptive words of diplomats, it will differ in many important particulars from the views popularly entertained in the past four years. The "stern impartiality of the recording angel" will discredit some things which the frenzied and one-sided propaganda of the war made it easy to believe. In the meanwhile it would be advisable to drop the devastating race prejudice and hush the bitter and rancorous tirade. If there were no other reason for this, the Sermon on the Mount, with its wealth of golden wisdom, would furnish several.

Turning to our own country, it would be possible to cite predictions as striking and as definite as those already mentioned. Thomas Jefferson, for instance, foretold the Emancipation Proclamation of the negro fifty years before the fact. And Baron De Tocqueville and Viscount Bryce, who have written two books on our American democracy, have made equally definite predictions as to racial developments and racial problems in this country, some of which have already come to pass, while others are in process of fulfillment.

We started out with the dominie. Let us return to him now, for he is good company and his counsel is always safe and wholesome. While he made a stern prediction concerning capital and labor, he was by no means a pessimist. He did not lose his bearings and maintained his proper perspective amidst confusing events. He had faith in God

and faith in man, and believed that, in spite of impending industrial and social agitation, the correct solution of all problems would be found in due season. There might be violence or there might not be, in either case the ultimate outcome of the contest would be salutary and abiding.

The pioneer parson was opposed to what the socialist calls "direct action," which means the use of physical force, in promoting social reform. He very emphatically deprecated the throwing of bombs and such like means of propaganda. In this democratic country with its free institutions, its universal education and universal franchise, he believed that all needed social reforms should be effected by ballot rather than by bullet, by evolution rather than by revolution.

The dominie was also of the conviction that the race is upward bound. I am sure he would sanction what I am saying now. There is a "millenium" before us, a "new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," a benign reign of peace and love. This is not only forecast, but it is prophecy in the true sense of the word, the voice of divine revelation. Friction and turbulence there may be, yet out of it all will come harmony and good will. The noise and confusion we hear now are only Christ knocking at the door of our civilization. The strife and convulsion through which we are passing is the electricity clarifying the social atmosphere. The Kingdom of God is coming gradually but truly nevertheless. It seems afar off just now, but its approach is certain. In the fulness of time Zeche-

riah's prophecy will be fulfilled. Justice and mercy will permeate the social structure, old men and old women will be cared for, all children will be educated and fed and protected. Selfishness and greed and cruelty of every form will disappear. After a while —perhaps it will be a long while—heaven will come down to earth in the figure of a beautiful city; a city whose walls are of amethyst and whose streets are of gold; a city in whose blue, over-arching sky God Himself will be the sun, flooding it with divine light, so that moral and social darkness shall vanish and all black shadows forever flee away.

XIV.

CALVIN INSTITUTE.

It is fifty years since I entered Calvin Institute, Cleveland, as a student. I was then a lad of thirteen and had never been away from home over night more than once before. I had always been accustomed to sleep in mother's feather bed and wake up in the morning to the rattle of dishes in mother's kitchen. The change was an outstanding event in my youth and had a marked effect on my whole career.

Cleveland was then no larger than Canton is now, but to the lad from the village it seemed a great metropolis. Lake Erie made Meyers Lake dwindle into insignificance and other things also suffered by comparison.

It was a new world to me, a world which caused me to look around in open-eyed wonderment. There was the West Side reservoir and the water tower on the lake front; the large boats lying at the river piers or steaming in and out of the harbor; the bobtail street cars and the dummy engine running out to Rocky River; Perry's Monument and the old Stone Church on the square, and then most noteworthy of all, Euclid Avenue, "the finest residence street in the world," which, alas, is now being swallowed up by the commerce of the city somewhat as a boa-constrictor swallows a rabbit.

But much as I was astonished at the magnitude and beauty of the city, I was still more astonished at the diminutive proportions and the modest aspect of the Institute, into which I was ushered, for it was a very striking contrast. This infant educational institution was housed in a very modest cottage, nestled in a peach orchard out Scranton Road. The total number of students at that time was about eighteen or twenty, and of these at least twelve, in addition to the principal and his wife, were domiciled in the seven-roomed cottage. It must be borne in mind, too, that this cottage was not a dormitory simply, but comprised the whole Institute—a recitation room, dining room, kitchen and four sleeping rooms. That fourteen persons could be housed in such limited quarters may seem to the reader a physical impossibility, but I assure you that it was not, for I am one of the fourteen and Professor Frank Grether of Plymouth, Wis., was another, and we have agreed to bear witness to the fact.

But I am pleased to present here an obverse to this limited space and poverty of numbers. What this school lacked in capacity and equipment at the beginning, it made up in efficiency and excellence. Not one of our denominational schools has produced better results than just this modest Calvin Institute, later known as Calvin College. It was the child of Dr. H. J. Ruetenik, who started it and afterwards nurtured it with care and solicitude through the thirty years of its fluctuating existence. At the outstart it was under the auspices of Erie Classis but later it was taken over by Central Synod, yet no

matter under whose auspices it nominally was, Dr. Ruetenik remained its guardian and protector. The purpose of the Institute was the preparation of teachers and later of students for the ministry.

The first principal, Professor Herman Woldmann, proved himself well fitted for the place. He was but twenty-two years of age at the time of my matriculation and had just brought from the Fatherland a sweet-faced and gentle little woman as his bride. She naturally became installed as the Haus Frau, and that surely was not a sinecure. It required a great deal of grace on her part to accept the position, coming as she did from a comfortable home with a well filled larder. The bill of fare at the Institute was extremely modest and the whole life one of Spartan simplicity, but all the more wholesome on that account.

The center of this little family was Principal Woldmann. Of necessity the students were in almost constant contact with him, much to their advantage. The situation proved to be very nearly a fulfillment of Garfield's definition of a university, namely, "A log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other." Doubtless every boy who attended that modest school of half a century ago profited greatly by the experience, and the benefit was all the greater because of the limited number of the students.

Professor Woldmann afterward assumed a responsible position in the public schools of Cleveland, a position which he filled with acceptance and honor for a period of thirty-five years. He and his com-

panion still survive, living in the winter on Outhwaite Avenue, and in the summer in a picturesque log cottage on the banks of the Chagrin River, about twelve miles out from the city. It is my great privilege to visit them once a year in their sequestered and umbrageous retreat to spend a few magic hours in reviving memories of youth and also to have them for a day at our suburban home at Mount Marie. These occasions are of rare significance because of their association with a happy past that now seems very far away and can never return.

There is one event that stands out in my memory of the Institute years. To the reader it may seem trifling, to me it has an almost tragic significance. I beg pardon for telling it here. At the close of the first semester of the second year there came a parental request for the bill of expenses. Wishing to make as good a showing as possible, I reported an amount, which after paying all expenses, even railroad fare home, left me the narrow margin of only seven cents. And that in itself would not have been a calamity, had it not been for an emergency that arose.

In my eagerness to get to dear old Canton I took the last train out of Cleveland on the last day of school. This train on the C. & P. Railroad, leaving Cleveland at 4 o'clock, was scheduled to connect with a westbound train at Alliance, bringing me to Canton at 8 P. M. But the unexpected happened. The train missed connection and there was no other westbound train out of Alliance that night. I was stranded in a strange town with only seven cents in

my pocket. It was a very unpleasant predicament for a bashful lad to be in.

I lingered in the waiting room until eleven o'clock, when the station master requested me to leave. Out into the night I went, and a bitter cold night it was, with very nearly two feet of snow on the ground. My face would probably have been good for a night's lodging at a hotel or even with some private family, but I was too modest to make such a request, and instead commenced tramping the snow-covered streets of Alliance, not knowing where to go or what to do.

For four hours this aimless march was kept up. At about 3 A. M., I came to the Rolling Mill at the east end of town, and believing that it would at least be warm there I timidly entered the building. Never having seen the inside of a mill before I hardly knew what to expect. The flakes from the red hot ingots of iron flew all around me, but I thought they were pieces of slag thrown at me by the men to express their displeasure at my presence. Their shouts to one another seemed to my boyish imagination like shouts of derision, and, frigid as it was on the outside, I started out once more into the night and the bitter cold.

On a sidetrack stood a passenger car which I tried to enter but found locked. In deep despair I lay down on the platform of the car and had almost fallen asleep, when I remembered how fatal it would be to sleep in the open air with the mercury considerably below zero. With a sharp effort I aroused myself out of the partial stupor which had already

overtaken me, and which in a few moments would have ushered me through happy dreams into the sleep of death.

Again I began my Arctic tramp and kept it up until six o'clock in the morning, when the door of the station waiting room was opened and I entered with unsteady tread and chilled to the bone by the night's exposure.

There are two truths which I learned as a result of this experience. One is that it does not pay to be modest over much, "a timid shrinking violet," and the other that it is unwise to enter upon a journey without sufficient funds for unexpected emergencies.

This incident is inserted here, not as a part of my Institute tutelage, but as a little experience by the way that may spare someone else the expense of buying it. I may be pardoned for taking to the Latin here because the English language fails to adequately express my feeling. "Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum," which means substantially that it is better to borrow experience than to buy it.

Would God I had borrowed more and bought less, for some of my experience in life has cost me a terrific price. I am on the shelf at the age of sixty-seven because I ignored this proverb. And a shelf is a very narrow arena for a once active man and one whose mental powers are still unabated. So much by the way of parenthetic sentimentalizing.

In the year 1872 a very pretty three story brick-building was erected on the site of the college

grounds fronting on Pearl street, and remained the home of the Institute until its unhappy demise some thirty years later. Shortly afterwards it became necessary for Dr. Ruetenik, who had always been the fostering spirit of the school, to assume personal control. He was a man of deep piety and strong mentality, a pedagogue of the first rank. His outstanding characteristic as a teacher was his rigid thoroughness and his effort to encourage original and independent thinking on the part of the students, a principle to which he adhered throughout his professional career.

I shall never forget his constant and repeated exhortation to the students to study until their hair stood on end (bis die Haare zu Berge stehen). He seemed to have a theory that prolonged and profound thought would cause the hair to stand upright. I have never been able to verify the correctness of this theory. It is understood that the brain, the most wonderful thing in the universe, deepens its own convolutions by continued thinking and gives a pale intellectual cast to the countenance; but that its influence extends to the capillary covering of the cranium has never been demonstrated to my satisfaction. We students all studied hard and long yet never succeeded in getting the correct perpendicular slant except when we had the barber comb our hair pompadour. We must admit, however, that the doctor exemplified his own theory admirably.

Anyone meeting Dr. Ruetenik only casually might receive the impression that he was somewhat austere and without any sense of humor, but closer

acquaintance altered this impression. There was a subtle and delightful strain of humor in his make-up and he had a fine faculty for using it. There were frequent examples of it in the classroom, but not to the extent of weakening class discipline. I recall one illustration of this quiet humor in connection with the Christian name of his son, Martin Luther Ruetenik, the well known Cleveland gardener. It seems that as a babe this son was very irritable and cried much by day and by night. At times it appeared impossible to quiet him, and he held the fort in spite of all parental efforts to suppress him. The Doctor afterwards said that he gave him the name of Martin Luther because he could not be silenced even "by scripture and sound reason."

The Institute had a precarious existence at times. There was ebb and flow, action and reaction; and finally after thirty years of struggle it fell asleep, thus bringing surcease of anxiety to the good Doctor, but also burying at the same time his fondest hope and his life's greatest ambition.

There was a time when this little college was most promising. With the Doctor as president and a faculty composed of such men as Otto Pinhard, Rev. W. Dreher, Dr. J. H. Stepler, Rev. Wilson R. Stearly and others, there seemed before it a bright and useful future. It appeared to be meeting a need in our mid-western Reformed Church, but unexpected reverses came and near the end of the last century it closed its doors forever. It is not to the point here to discuss the cause of its demise. A post mortem would be impossible at this late date.

Whatever may have been the malady, the fatal result is to be regretted.

As one who enjoyed its instruction for a period of three years I wish to bear grateful witness to its efficiency and to express my unbounded admiration of Dr. Ruetenik as a man and as an educator. He stood in the forefront of our ministry and has left a decided and ineffaceable impress upon our church. Recently he was quietly translated after long years of usefulness on earth.

There can be no better proof of the excellence of the Institute and the thoroughness of its methods, than to glance at the results of its brief career. A perusal of the list of its alumni would be a revelation to many who are not acquainted with the history and character of the school. Considering the number of students attending it, in its best days not more than forty or fifty, it has as many, perhaps more, graduates occupying high places in the church than any other of our denominational schools.

I submit here only this partial list: Theodore Herman, professor of Dogmatic Theology in Lancaster Seminary; William Hinke, professor of Oriental Languages at Auburn Seminary; Professor Frank Grether of the Mission House; Dr. Henry Gekeler, editor of the Christian World; F. C. Nau, pastor of Grace Church, Pittsburg; T. P. Bolliger, Missionary Secretary of the Northwest; Dr. Louis Grosenbaugh, eminent divine of the Methodist Church in Northern Michigan; J. D. Buhrer, pastor of the First Reformed Church, Washington; Julius Herold, prominent Presbyterian minister; G. A.

Ruetenik, well known Cleveland educator; M. L. Ruetenik, gardener of nation wide reputation, and others. This is an array of honored names. All of these men are highly talented and some of them are even worthy of being classed as Prometheans, *who stole the fire of genius from heaven* to illumine and help their fellowmen. From first to last they will give assent to our appraisal of the dear little Alma Mater of the Peach Orchard and its pious and scholarly Master, Dr. Ruetenik.

XV.

HALCYON DAYS AT HEIDELBERG.

It was the afternoon of a bright spring day in the year 1872 that I surmounted the stile on the Jefferson street side of the campus and entered the "classic shades" of Heidelberg. Timidly and with much misgiving I walked up the pavement to the wooden steps at the front entrance of the building. I was to spend four or five years within its sacred precincts, and as I trembled up those steps I wondered whether those years would ever pass. They loomed up like an age before me, an age of tasking problems and of irksome study, the kind of study which Ecclesiastes calls "a weariness of the flesh."

But upon thorough orientation my misgivings vanished, and life on College Hill proved to be most interesting and pleasant. Instead of moving with leaden feet, time moved on rapid wing. The days passed in fascinating succession and the hour for valediction came only too soon. And here I am now in the late afternoon of life with my Heidelberg career a fading memory in the distant past and much of real life intervening.

The years that appeared like big round discs as I looked forward then have shriveled into beads as I look backward, now. There's a long string of them reaching into the golden mists of college days, and there's a slight tinge of sadness in the thought that

ere long the string will break and all the beads vanish into the fathomless sea of eternity.

My new *Alma Mater* was still in her teens, clothed in modest habilaments and with but limited means and appliances. The only building on the campus was the three-story brick structure still standing and now used as a dormitory. This moderate-sized building comprised recitation rooms and sleeping rooms, chapel and society hall. On the score of proportions there was nothing to boast of. It was all rather primitive and unpretentious, so much so that one editor in a nearby rival town could not resist a little jealous humor and referred to it as "the yellow school house on the hill which Tiffinites fondly call a college."

Though of unassuming architecture, Heidelberg was fair and attractive nevertheless. The large campus dotted with maples and clusters of fir trees, the picturesque rockery and the society flower beds, radiant in color and redolent with perfume, formed a beautiful setting for the comely college building and a suitable place for the muses to hold their court. Others might poke fun at the "yellow school house" but good old president Williard always clothed it with proper magnitude and dignity when he spoke of it as "our institution of learning in the West."

And this leads us to say that Doctor Williard had a large hand in making Heidelberg what it is today. It was under his presidency that it became a university and to him belongs a large share of the

credit for its present rank and standing among the cultural colleges of the land. Doctor Miller, we are sure, will sanction this tribute to his predecessor, since everybody knows how wisely and well he himself has continued the educational enterprise begun with prayer and toil in earlier years. Every loyal Heidelberger's heart warms with affection and pride as he views the progress of the last two decades on College Hill but he also remembers gratefully the work of the pioneers on which this progress is based.

Looking back over the years I am flooded with a multitude of memories and with many thoughts of old Heidelberg. It is difficult to select even one or two and compress them into this limited space.

A reflection that stands salient as I think now of my fellow students is that of the wrong impressions received and the erroneous judgments formed concerning some of them. It is impossible to mingle with a company of young men for any length of time and not form some opinion as to their future. And it is interesting to observe in how many instances the prognostications go amiss.

First impressions are not always reliable. Striking witness to this is a student whom I almost idolized on first acquaintance. He was about ten years my senior and of large and imposing personality. Nature had endowed him with a certain measure of ready wit and an easy flow of public speech. In the first weeks of contact he was my ideal and my idol. I looked up to him with admiration and with envy. Yet it was not very long until

I learned that my idol had feet of clay, and soon it became apparent that his head also was of clay, and before the close of the college course I knew he was all clay, and a very poor quality of clay at that. Early in his ministerial career this man, whom I once envied, went all to pieces and a more complete and pitiable wreck I have never known.

On the other hand there was among my comrades a young man from the country, of whom I expected little. He was rather sluggish mentally and had difficulty in making his grades in several studies. A likeable sort of fellow socially, he was nevertheless considerable of a dunderhead in his classes and there didn't seem to be much outcome to him. This, at least was my first impression, but before the close of the college course I had revised my opinion somewhat. Upon entering his ministerial career he gave promise of exceptional success and had not an early death carried him away, I am sure he would have risen to the very highest rank as a scholar and a preacher.

At college as in life "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." The decisive factor is not talent or environment, but will power and determination to work. There is nothing outside of a young man that can make him succeed or fail. Everything may seem in his favor and yet he may fail and everything may seem against him and yet he may succeed. Out of every hundred students one, at least, is destined to a phenomenal career, and the other ninety-nine will doubtless say "Why he didn't seem to amount to much, he seemed

just like the rest of us when we first knew him." And so he was, with only this difference that he laid aside softness, ignored adverse conditions and gripped his task with the determination to win.

A sense of gratitude compels a brief personal tribute to old Heidelberg, the Heidelberg of fifty years ago. Though lacking in architecture and equipment, she was blessed with a strong corps of instructors, which to a student means more than everything else. The boys and girls of half a century ago will not cease to remember affectionately such men as President Williard, Rector Good, Christian Hornung, Charles Knepper, O. A. S. Hursh, in the college, and the ponderous Jeremiah H. Good and the courtly Herman Rust in the seminary. All of these have long been resting under the tranquil shades of Greenlawn cemetery, Professor Hursh having passed away even before our graduation. These men have left an ineffaceable impression upon us and we shall never cease to hold them in fond remembrance.

Those were "good old days," full of wit and laughter and merriment. There was no lack of impish pranks either. Following our youthful impulses we often harried our fellow students and sometimes disturbed the faculty, where calm empyrean thought was supposed to prevail. But this was never done with thought of malice.

There was as yet no college yell and no college song, but there was an abundance of vocal sound, though it may not always have been concordant. We

sang songs that were jolly and sometimes songs that were sad, but, as in the case of Artemus Ward, "It was not we, but our friends, who were saddest when we sang."

I can write of these things now because the boy I then was seems to have no relation to the dignified man of today. I see him in the bright panorama of college life as it passes in memory before me. I see the forms and faces of college mates and hear their voices in witty repartee or mysterious campus call. I see the Hill itself clothed in the attractive raiment of the changing seasons — the bloom and blossom of spring, the hue and tint of autumn, the ice and snow of winter, in pleasing alternation. The practical jokes and amusing exploits of college life naturally shock my clerical consciousness a little, yet they were innocent enough, and the recollection of them grows more fascinating as the years roll by.

Things have changed on College Hill. The old has given way to the new. Footprints of progress are multiplying and romantic landmarks are disappearing. When I return, strange faces greet me in the corridors and on the campus. I try to resuscitate the old emotions but in vain. The emotions and the scenes that created them are not inseparable and I have made the mistake of confusing the two.

Half of my classmates are sleeping in the dust. The rest are still in active life, save one or two. One at least seems "to lag superfluous on the stage,"

with ample time for day dreams, and very naturally the scene of many of these is College Hill at Tiffin.

Sweet Alma Home!
Where'er we be, where'er we roam
On land or sea,
Our swift-winged memory
In yearning backward flies to thee.

We love thy walls,
Thy ancient name;
We seek thy halls
And greet thy fame!
And brightly gleams the flame
That love enkindles to thy name!

XVI.

HEIDELBERG ONCE MORE. AN OUTSTANDING EXPERIENCE.

It is forty-seven years since my graduation from Heidelberg University, and were I to make choice of a school again, I would turn to my old Alma Mater. In making this choice I should be influenced, not so much by geography or synodical relationship, as by genuine merit. Heidelberg is one of the schools that foster a well-rounded and symmetrical culture, a culture that takes into account every side of man's nature and all of his faculties. And it is this sort of culture and this sort of school that is most needed in our times and gives greatest promise of success.

The cultural college is destined to play a large role in the education of our youth and young men and has a promising future before it. It is a fact, that many educators are not in accord with this appraisal and that some, instead of seeing a bright future, look through a glass darkly, assume the roll of Cassandra and predict its utter extinction. They tell us that its doom is sealed because of keen competition, that between the upper and the nether millstone of the State University and the publicly supported High Schools the church school is destined to be ground to pieces.

On the surface there are some things that

make such a darksome forecast seem plausible. There is no disputing the efficiency of the High School and the gradual but constant elevation of its standards of instruction. Neither can we blink the fact that the State University enjoys large advantage because it is backed by the state treasury and has almost unlimited funds at its command.

Further, it cannot be denied that the present rush of students to the great universities is without precedent in any age or any land. A single great university of the East reports an enrollment of thirty-one thousand for the past year. Another well known western university had a record breaking freshman class of twenty-five hundred and an overwhelming attendance in all departments. This indicates the abounding popularity of the great university and seems to foreshadow the doom of the modest church school with its limited endowment and meagre equipment. The outlook appears discouraging and the prophecy of evil seems well-grounded.

There is, however, an illuminating and relieving fact in this connection, that must not be overlooked, and that is that the demand for higher education is widespread, that the number of young people thirsting for knowledge is so vast that all the universities of the land cannot accommodate them. It thus becomes apparent there will be no lack of recruits for the smaller colleges, even though they receive only the residuum of students which the larger universities cannot accept.

Besides, it should be remembered that in the

educational realm bigness is not always an advantage. In truth it is in many respects a decided disadvantage. An army of students at a university necessarily involves lack of contact with the professors. We are informed that there are universities so overcrowded that it is necessary to send the students into class rooms in "shifts," thus making personal touch between teacher and pupil entirely out of the question, greatly to the detriment of the latter. Such conditions are sure to set young men thinking and will bring about a trend toward the smaller college, where there can be not only a speaking acquaintance but an intimate fellowship between professor and student. The advantage of such fellowship will outweigh the disadvantage of limited equipment and modest endowment.

There are several theories of education in this country and the merits and demerits of these theories will have a large bearing on the future of the cultural college. There are those who think that education means accumulating a stock of information, cramming the mind with a lot of facts or alleged facts. This theory is already discredited by thinkers and is rapidly on the wane. It is plain that you cannot make a man educated by filling his head full with knowledge as you would a basket with apples. Genuine education is the kind that tries to make the mind efficient by training and exercising it, not by overfeeding it. The mistaken zealots who are bent on accumulating all sorts of "useful knowledge" are on a level with the woman who loads an attic with old junk because she "may need it some

time." The really wise man is not the one who has "his attic" all cluttered with information and tries to be a walking encyclopedia, but rather the one whose mind is in working order and who knows where to find information when he needs it. He might make a pitiful failure of attempting to answer Thomas Edison's voluminous questionnaire and would probably be thrown into a "nervous chill" if required to take a freshman examination, but he would know where to turn for his facts when actually needed and this is really all that is necessary. This theory of education is practically worthless and is rapidly going into the discard where it belongs.

Another theory of education is the vocational; the idea that technical knowledge, the acquiring of skill in one certain direction is the great thing to be desired. In the past few years young men have been overcrowding the scientific schools with a view to preparing themselves for the practical vocations. The theory is lamentably wrong. It cultivates one side of the nature to the neglect of all the rest, producing a totally lop-sided and fractional personality. There can be no more disastrous mistake than to teach young people to *make a living* and then fail to teach them *how to live.*

True education consists not so much in the accumulation of facts or in the attainment of technical skill as it does in the acquisition of personality. It is a matter of inspiration rather than information. The creation of a splendid, full-orbed manhood or womanhood should be the highest aim in

life. Personality is of far more consequence than mere technical skill or colorless erudition. The ability to make a living at the expense of many other good things is a curse rather than a blessing. There have been few wiser words ever uttered by human tongue than those of Goethe:

> "Volk und Knecht und Ueberwinder
> Gestehen zu jeder Zeit;
> Höchstes Glück der Erdenkinder
> Sei nur die Persönlichkeit."

This means that personality is the most precious boon as well as the greatest power in the world. Fortunate the children whose parents know it, and blessed the young men who are reared in cultural colleges where personality is appreciated and seduously fostered. This is the reason why the smaller denominational colleges are not doomed to extinction, but in reality have the brightest future of all. And this is the reason why I would pass by the great universities and technical schools and turn to Heidelberg if I were once more making choice of a college. The institution that cultivates personality on the basis of Christian character is the one that will be most highly appraised and most in demand in years to come.

Heidelberg has always been a cultural college with a strong faculty and a fine religious atmosphere. In recent years there have been created several excellent vocational departments also, making her a full-fledged university, but not at the cost of taking the emphasis from personality and Christian character.

In every test of real efficiency she will bear favorable comparison with our best universities. Even on the forum and on the athletic field she has proven her ability to hold her own with more pretentious institutions.

And all of this leads logically up to what I am wanting to say. It is about one of Heidelberg's early triumphs, a triumph she achieved when yet in the day of small things, with only two courses of instruction and her efforts confined almost exclusively to the literary and the classical.

Heidelberg was a participant in the first intercollegiate oratorical contest ever held in the state of Ohio. This event took place in the Academy of Music, Akron, on the eighth of February in the year eighteen hundred and seventy four, with three distinguished Ohioans acting as judges, — Judge Rufus P. Ranney of Cleveland, Judge Spaulding of Cincinnati and Rev. Hutchins of Columbus.

In addition to Heidelberg the other participants were Western Reserve, Oberlin, Buchtel, Wooster, Wittenberg, Otterbein, Ohio University, and Antioch (Horace Mann's old college). The decision of the judges was that Heidelberg's representative was entitled to the first honor in this historic contest. I would mention the victor's name if he were not so modest that the ink on his pen would blush a crimson hue as he writes. Naturally the faculty and student body of Heidelberg were highly gratified at this unexpected triumph and the friends of the institution rejoiced with them, for it gave their be-

loved little college a prestige which they had scarcely anticipated.

Among the results of this victory were two in which the scribe has a direct and personal interest. With the pardon and indulgence of the reader he will tell of them.

In the audience on the night of the contest sat a man of prominence in the Akron community, namely John F. Seiberling, well known manufacturer of mowers and reapers. Though not a literary man the outcome of the contest made a strong and lasting impression upon him, so that when several years later he was confronted with the problem of choosing a college for his older son, Frank, he selected Heidelberg. This was remarkable, and the more so because Mr. Seiberling was an elder and a leader in the Lutheran church of Akron. Frank spent one year at Tiffin and then, like many other young men, decided that he had all the education he needed. His was a short college career but it was long enough to establish a bond of sympathy between him and the institution.

Five years ago when President Miller launched his campaign for a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar fund, he naturally made a pilgrimage to Akron and, enlisting the services of elder W. J. Frank, called on Mr. Seiberling, who in the meanwhile had become head of the great Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. The cause appealed to him and he subscribed seventy-five thousand dollars to be used in the erection of a gymnasium. This was one of the largest, if not the largest single gift ever made

to the university and Dr. Miller has since declared that the credit for it rests largely with the winner of that contest in the Akron Academy of Music.

Whether this be true or not, is not for me to say. It seems, however, that Heidelberg's success on that occasion was the first link in the chain of events that led up to that munificent gift. Dr. Miller is a good logician and I am not inclined to controvert his conclusion. There is no nimbus encircling my head, but just a little smile of satisfaction on my countenance at having been the initial cause of which that splendid gift was the final effect.

The other result referred to was more immediate than this. In that same Academy audience sat another well known Akronian, Dr. John Weimer, elder and controlling spirit in Grace Reformed church, then a struggling mission and of negligible influence in the community. Naturally he was in ecstacy over the victory of his little college and determined to make practical use of it in due season. Two years later when a vacancy occurred in Grace pulpit the Doctor journeyed to Tiffin, "the place where they make preachers," as he put it, and secured the consent of the successful contestant to become pastor of Grace church. Thus it came about that I entered upon a pleasant pastorate of over ten years in Akron's "little church around the corner."

XVII.

GENIUS AND ECCENTRICITY IN GRACE CHURCH.

My early education was mainly in German, because I was intended to be the dominie's assistant and perhaps later his successor in the First Reformed church at Canton. At the age of seventeen the German rather than the English lay nearest my tongue's end and I fairly reveled in the fascinating literature of the German classics. No other thought entered my mind than that I was to preach the gospel in the language which Goethe and Schiller spoke.

But in the Book of Fate it was written differently, if I may be permitted to use that paganistic figure. My participation in the intercollegiate oratorical contest at Akron gave a different turn to affairs. Having witnessed the contest, Dr. John Weimer, the leading spirit in Grace church, determined that as soon as my seminary course was completed, I should have a call to that pulpit. Two years later the opportunity presented itself and without the formality of a trial sermon the call was forthcoming. The only obstacle in the way of immediate acceptance was the negative attitude of my father. But Dr. Weimer, suave and persuasive, removed that obstacle with the promise that the Akron pastorate should be only temporary and that in due season I should reach my destination at the dominie's side in Canton, which promise, by the way,

Emil P. Herbruck at the age of thirteen,
student at Calvin Institute

Emil P. Herbruck at the age of twenty,
pastor of Grace Church, Akron

was never fulfilled. The pastorate continued for over ten years and a happy one it was. My only regret in connection with it is that the dominie went to his grave with a tinge of disappointment because his fondly cherished dream was never realized.

Thus it came about that at the age of twenty, while still a mere stripling, I entered upon my ministerial career at Akron. Some of my Seminary friends gave me a very unfavorable prognosis and thought it considerable of a hazard. And there was some warrant for their prediction as will later become apparent.

Everything about Grace church was of modest, almost diminutive proportions. The little wooden building had a seating capacity of less than two hundred, and even this was too large for the congregation which at that time consisted of about seventy-five members. I have no record of the text or sermon of the initial Sunday, May 5th, 1876, but I have a very distinct recollection of the physical condition that prevailed. It was a rainy day and there were some sixty-five present at the church service and forty in the Sunday school. To add to the discouragement, some thoughtless member quoted the superstition that rain on the first Sunday in May meant rain for seven consecutive Sundays. I had absolutely no confidence in this or any kindred superstition, but somehow it did come to pass that my first seven Sundays in Grace church were rainy Sundays and naturally had the effect of making things look a little drab all around. Some of the people, too, were disheartened because of a certain

factor in the church which made success problematical. They promised, however, to make another effort at a "forward movement" and threw themselves zealously into the harness. There are still some few of that early generation remaining, very dear friends of mine, but the majority are fallen asleep.

It is my purpose here to write particularly of three persons who were identified with that little congregation at the beginning of my ministry nearly a half century ago. All three of these had a touch of genius and of eccentricity but were excellent men and good friends of the pastor of the church.

The first of the trio was Jeremiah Creighton, an operative in one of Akron's factories and a man of mechanical turn of mind. Brother Creighton had the idea that he was the inventor of the sleeping car and that through some chicanery he had been jockeyed out of the emoluments of the invention. I frequently heard the "Lamentations of Jeremiah" as I called at his modest little home. He never displayed any model nor any documentary proof of his contention, but he insisted that the sleeping car idea was the creation of his brain and that he had been greatly wronged. Others had filched it from him and exploited it to their own advantage in fame and fortune. I do not remember the details of his story, but am quite sure that it was not convincing. All of Jeremiah's reasoning could not overcome my strong pre-conceptions in the matter.

I knew a bit of sleeping car history and recalled

that Andrew Carnegie in his earlier years had been connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad as assistant to the president, Thomas Scott, and that he was riding on the western division of the road one day when a brakeman pointed him out to an unassuming, farmer-like passenger who happened to be on the train. This man approached Carnegie and introduced himself as J. J. Woodruff, at the same time taking from a little green bag a model of a sleeping car, the workings of which he explained to the young railroad official and solicited a financial interest in his invention. The idea at once appealed to Carnegie, though he very adroitly refused to betray his enthusiasm. Asking for a little time to think it over, he promised to report to Woodruff in a few days. On his return to Pittsburgh, Carnegie at once presented the matter to Mr. Scott, his superior. Scott was not greatly interested but suggested that two cars of the Woodruff type should be built and put in operation on the Pennsylvania lines. A stock company was formed including Woodruff, Scott and Carnegie and, later on, George M. Pullman, after whom the company was named. Where Woodruff got his idea history does not record. I doubt that he ever saw or heard of Jeremiah Creighton, yet I am not in position to absolutely discredit Creighton's claim. I narrate the facts without making an attempt to interpret or join them together. Jeremiah, however, was positive someone had stolen his idea and anticipated him at the patent office.

Be that as it may, this modest operative often regaled the young parson with his lament and finally

went into the immortal with the feeling that a grave injustice had been done him by some one here below.

Granting his contention, what boots it that Woodruff and Carnegie, Pullman and Wagner got hold of the sleeping car idea, rather than Creighton. They are all under the sod now, Wagner having gone there by way of a railroad wreck in which he was burned in one of his own palatial cars, thus making a sort of a chariot-of-fire exit. They all lie equally snug in the church-yard now. The flowers smell as sweet; the birds sing as merrily and the stars shine as lovingly on the God-hallowed grave of the lowly Creighton as on the man-bedecked monuments of these captains of industry.

If Creighton mourned over the millions which he felt entitled to but never got, he is now in the realm where the almighty dollar is neither mighty nor current and where all are equally rich in the treasures of heart and character. If he regretted the loss of fame which would have come to him had he secured his rights, I suggest that human fame is ephemeral at best and that earthly oblivion awaits us all alike.

> "A mound of earth a little higher graded:
> Perhaps upon a stone a chiseled name:
> A dab of printer's ink soon blurred and faded—
> And then oblivion—that—that is Fame."

The second of our trio was John MacAtamany, a musician who came to Akron from the village of Uniontown, Stark County, where he had served for a time as organist in the Reformed church. He united with Grace church and there also presided

at the organ at irregular intervals. It was in the spring of 1877 that he called one day at my study with a package under his arm; opening it he displayed a device that could be attached to any piano and thus produce music mechanically. Later I went to his home and witnessed the operation of this contrivance when attached to his instrument. The device thus demonstrated was the player piano in embryo. It was rather crude and simple as yet, but the essentials were there — rolls of manilla paper with stencilled notes, and all the other mechanical appurtenances. It looked like a toy and no one in Grace church nor in Akron had vision enough to see its possibilities excepting Mac Atamany himself.

A year or two later this musical genius migrated to Boston where he continued to work on his invention and where he had it patented. Just what occurred there during the more than forty years that elapsed since he left Akron I know not. But this much is certain, that out of Mac Atamany's invention was developed the player piano as we now have it. His experience was partly that of Creighton but not wholly so. He never received any emolument from the exploitation of his idea and remained a poor man to the last. His claim to the original invention, however, is undisputed. Mac Atamany died about a year ago and his remains were brought to Canton for interment in our beautiful Westlawn cemetery. Appropriate ceremonies were held with the burial, and an effort is now being made to raise a fund for a suitable monument to his memory. May the sod rest lightly on the bosom

of this unassuming musical master who will in due season be canonized as the inventor of the player piano.

The third of our trio was neither musician nor inventor, but one who, though without the genius of either, had the eccentricities of both. This was Dr. John Weimer, leading elder of the church and for years its dominating spirit. In writing of him I shall be mindful of the old Talmudic moral: "Throw no stone into the well out of which you have been drinking," which means in paraphrase, "Do or say nothing derogatory of one who has befriended you."

Dr. Weimer was my devoted friend from the first day we met until it became my duty to utter the last faltering words over his coffin some thirty-five years ago. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to him and shall try to adjust myself to the ancient adjuration not to speak ill of the dead, but at the same time I shall tell of some of his crotchets and foibles, not for the sake of amusement but for the benefit of the younger clergy who prefer to borrow experience rather than to buy it, and who know the value of the truth that one of man's "dearest" privileges is that of making his own mistakes.

The doctor, a German Alsatian by birth, was a man of ingratiating personality and of considerable native intelligence. Success attended him in the practice of his profession and there was an air of thrift and comfort, though not of opulence, about his home. He acquired some prestige in the community and naturally came to the front in Grace church with which he had become identified early in

his Akron career. For years he held the office of elder and occupied a dominant position in the counsels of this progressive little flock. His wish was decisive and his word was law. Any member who ventured to oppose him was promptly subdued and any minister who presumed to ignore him, suffered most disagreeable consequences. The old saying, "Resist the devil and he will flee *from* you; resist an elder and he will fly *at* you," was applicable in this case. A series of short pastorates was the natural result of ministers trying to maintain a dignified self-respect in their relation with the dictatorial doctor.

Knowing this, it will be readily understood why some persons were frank enough to say that there could be no success for Grace church until after the doctor's retirement and that all missionary money appropriated to it was wasted. There appears to be some warrant also for the unfavorable forecast of my seminary friends who predicted that my going there was a large gamble, that I was entering into a clerical cemetery and would suffer the fate of most of those who had gone before. All other problems in Grace church were subordinate to the problem of getting along with the eccentric elder. This then was the situation that confronted me at Akron in the spring of 1876. To what extent were the darksome prophecies of my friends fulfilled?

Before giving my bit of history in answer to this question I wish once more to revert to my father, the dominie, and narrate how he faced and met

a very similar situation in his early career. In one of his country congregations there was an elder of the same positive and imperious nature as the doctor. Fortune had smiled upon him and he had become the first citizen of the community and the most influential member of the church. He was kind and generous almost to a fault, yet at the same time he was very much of a martinet, robust, self-asserting and extremely brusque at times. An incident or two will throw a significant side light upon his character and disposition.

One Sunday morning the young parson appeared in the village pulpit with a slight rent in the seam of his coat just under the armpit. Such disaster was not uncommon in those pioneer days, but naturally it attracted some attention in the pulpit, especially when the preacher reinforced his remarks with an upward gesture. At the close of the service he accepted an invitation to dinner at the home of his large-hearted, but autocratic, friend. After dinner the elder promptly went to his desk, took from it a twenty-dollar bill, threw it into the lap of the parson with the remark, "Da, Kerle, hast du zwanzig Taler; kum uns aber nit wieder mit einem zerrissenen Rock in die Kanzel." ("Here, chappie, are twenty dollars. See that you don't enter the pulpit again with a torn coat.") Now twenty dollars was a princely gift to be thrown into the lap of a "sky pilot" in those pioneer days and the elders who did that sort of thing were rare indeed. But such openhanded generosity was characteristic of this magisterial elder.

Another phase of this elder's disposition came

out on another occasion. The parson had come to the village of Paris and was due at another appointpointment twelve miles from there in the afternoon of the same day. It was winter, the roads were very rough and the parson felt that his horse would not be equal to the trip. The elder, sensing the situation, very kindly volunteered to convey him to his destination. He was a lover of horses and had a magnificent span of blacks that literally "ate up the dirt" on those hard country roads. The conveyance used was a wagonette with narrow seat in front, which the elder himself occupied. The parson and one or two others, who asked to accompany him, were compelled to sit in the straw-covered body of the vehicle in the rear of the driver's seat. It was a hard, rugged ride over one of the worst roads of those pioneer days. The passengers were thrown up and down and hurtled from side to side with considerable violence. It was with great difficulty that they were able to remain aboard. They felt that a little more moderate speed would quite suffice, but the driver was not of that opinion. They adjured, they protested, but the reckless charioteer remained obdurate and unheeding. He did not even look back to see what conditions were just behind him, but drove furiously on regardless of the comfort and the fate of his passengers. He reached the church on proper schedule and then for the first time turned around to view his human cargo with the laconic remark, "Well, chappies, are you still there?"

Now this strong-minded, positive, yet generous layman was in the saddle in the village church and

ruled with a despotic hand. He was always arbitrary and what was worse, always contrary. No matter what the young parson proposed, his domineering friend took issue with him, and by reason of his wealth and prestige always had his way. It was a situation that required the exercise of tactfulness and ingenuity, but the parson was equal to it and proved himself more than a match for his obstreperous friend.

This was the strategy he employed. Whenever he had a request to make of the consistory or a new method to introduce, he always *asked* for the *opposite* of *what he wanted,* waited for the elder to express himself in favor of the other thing and then deliberately "flopped over" to his side. Thus the elder seemed to have his way, yet in reality it was the parson who was having his. It will be admitted that this was a fine bit of clerical diplomacy, a touch of sagacity worthy of a Solon or a Solomon. I could hardly recommend it as a permanent rule of action, but as a temporary *modus vivendi* it has great merit.

I have given this parenthetically, because it is in line with the situation in Grace church, Akron. A very young and unsophisticated parson was thrown into relationship with a generous and authoritative elder. My friends were wondering what turn events would take. When it became known that the doctor had taken me into his own home and placed at my disposal two of the best rooms in his house, fronting on the principal residence street of the city, my friends became pessimistic and predicted either an early break with the doctor or a

complete submergence of my own personality and identity. Even the doctor's own daughter, who, of course, knew him thoroughly, expressed doubt as to the duration of his enthusiasm and the permanency of this *entente cordiale.* But happily all of my friends proved to be poor prophets. None of the predicted disasters occurred, and this was not so much due to pastoral tactfulness as to Divine Providence. The very thing that appeared most unpropitious turned out to my advantage, namely my taking quarters in the home of the doctor. It afforded me an opportunity to confer with him as we sat at the family table, and to my surprise he never opposed any plan or enterprise I suggested, but in every instance concurred with my views. I soon learned that all he craved was the honor of being consulted and this I cheerfully accorded him. Eight very pleasant years of my unmarried life were spent in his home, and when later I became a benedict and established my own domestic altar, the cordial relation between us remained unbroken. The very nearly eleven years of my ministry at Akron developed no misunderstanding between pastor and ruling elder, and when that ministry closed he, perhaps more than any one else, expressed his regret over it.

I never assumed a suppliant's attitude and consequently did not sacrifice my clerical dignity or self-respect. By my keeping in close touch with this eccentric layman, all hindering friction was avoided, the congregation prospered and after a while ceased to be known any more as "Dr. Weimer's church."

A little pastoral wisdom I have learned during the years is that it is always expedient to take men as they are and not as we think they ought to be, to observe their whims and crotchets and render them harmless by a little patient tactfulness. There is no humiliation in a minister's taking counsel with an influential or even dictatorial elder. There may be more humiliation in failing to do so.

It is all right to say that you have a passion for ideas and an indifference for persons, and that you can easily say "yes" or "no" to anyone, but unless cautious you may end in being dictatorial and arrogant yourself. There is one thing just as bad as a domineering elder, and that, is a domineering minister. No matter what your *ideas,* you must deal with *persons* in order to give the ideas form and shape. The wise pastor, however self-respecting, must not be above consulting his consistory, and if there be a "key man" in that body it is the part of wisdom to secure his consent to the pastoral plans and aspirations. This is not servility or truculence; it is the "wisdom of the serpent," the sort of wisdom the Master Himself recommended.

We have had in the political world recently, a striking example of failure to confer and of unwarranted assumption of power. This country and perhaps the world in general would be far better off if one in high official station had had a more self-asserting cabinet and a greater disposition to take counsel with it. Autocrats in state and in church are equally unpopular and, so, as a rule, equally unsuccessful.

XVIII.

SOME FIRST EXPERIENCES IN GRACE CHURCH.

The charm and romance of the early years of a first pastorate do not abide. They arise from first experiences, and first experiences in the very nature of the case can be such but once. Similar events may occur, but they will not produce the same emotions. The novelty is gone and with it the concomitant sensations and impulses. The first experiences of a minister touch chords in his being that have never been touched before and will never be touched again.

A first pastorate is like a first ocean voyage. One's maiden trip has an enchantment about it that cannot be duplicated. You are an "Innocent Abroad" and meet your experiences with a greenhorn's interest and delight. Everything is new, everything extraordinary and surprising. You are in a constant state of expectancy. You wonder into what dangers the great ship will plunge; through what mysterious waste of waters she will make her way; and how she will behave in the midst of the varying moods of the vasty deep. There is an air of newness and uncertainty that thrills and awes and holds you spellbound. You glow with enthusiasm over the developments of each successive day of the voyage. You may later make the trip a dozen

times but never with the same emotions. You may sail on more luxurious craft, perhaps in more distinguished company, but there will never again be for you the impressions and the feelings of your first adventure.

The minister may have a larger church, a more enterprising people, a more favored lot, but he can never again have the emotions created by his first pastorate. There is a certain fascination about first experiences and first associations that can not return. Sometimes on memory's magic wings there comes an echo out of the mellow-sweetness of that early time, you see the faces and hear the voices of that far-off enchanted realm of first emotions, but it is only a faint reverberation, the charm itself has forever vanished. The German poet tenderly but vainly sings:

> "O dass sie ewig, ewig bliebe,
> Die holde Zeit der ersten Liebe."

The blissful time of first love does not and cannot abide.

While I cannot reproduce the vanished charm of my early years, I shall here recount a few experiences of my first pastorate which, fortunately for me, was in Grace church, Akron. They may interest and amuse, even though they do not edify. They are a medly of serio-comic incidents characteristic of those earlier days.

My first pastoral call was at the home of two young lady members of the church, (no unwarranted inferences, please) who resided in a stately resi-

dence in the eastern suburbs of the city. It was on a moonlight night, but unhappily the moon was obscured at the moment of my arrival at the gateway of the home. In the darkness I strayed from the path leading to the veranda and found myself confronting the dog-kennel. That kennel housed the biggest dog in Summit county. The beast was of mammoth proportions and of unamiable disposition. I had heard about him, and dreaded him, and now was face to face with him. He instantly made a dash for me and just as instantly I made a dash to escape. Forunately the dog came to the end of his tether before reaching that part of my anatomy nearest to him, or there might have been a different story to tell. In my sudden rush for safety my hat fell off and landed within the animal's range. I tried a number of clever ruses to secure it but in vain. The dog remained in savage possession of it. Nothing was left for me to do but to ring the doorbell and, bareheaded, introduce myself as the new pastor, at the same time requesting one of the young ladies to rescue my precious head-gear from the jaws of the snarling beast. It was a very farcical introduction into that home and a very sensational beginning of my work in pastoral visitation.

Another interesting experience was my first visit to a sick-chamber. This might serve as a companion piece to the one just narrated, though of a somewhat more serious aspect. On the first two Sundays of my Akron ministry there was in the audience a bright faced young lady who seemed deeply absorbed in the service. I became acquainted with

her in a passing way without learning to know any of her domestic relations or her antecedents.

One day there came a message to the study that she was critically and hopelessly ill and wished to see me. Assuming that she wanted religious comfort I took with me my pocket Bible in responding to the call. After a few words of introduction and sympathy I proposed a short service of Scripture reading and prayer, which she heartily welcomed. But I encountered a very unexpected difficulty. I had scarcely read a verse when the door leading from the kitchen opened and there entered an Irish woman of Amazonian proportions. She had a "savigerous" look on her face and a butcher knife in her hand. Her words were brief and peremptory —"Stop reading from the Bible; if we want any of that we will do it ourselves." Naturally I was greatly surprised at this sudden turn of events and a look of deep chagrin came over the young lady's face. It is needless to say that I promptly stopped reading and took my departure as gracefully and expeditiously as possible. In explanation, I soon learned that the family was of the Roman Catholic faith and that the Amazon with uplifted knife and threatening mien was the young lady's mother.

On the day after this sensational episode there came a message from the father expressing regret at what had happened and inviting me to visit his invalid daughter as much as I liked and to administer religious comfort in any way I preferred. I at once resumed my pastoral visitation without further interruption by the ponderous and bigoted mother

and to the great gratification of the afflicted young lady.

Contrary to expectation she recovered from her illness and soon returned to the services of the sanctuary. At the first communion she united with the church and remained a staunch and active member for a long period of years.

There was nothing particularly amusing in my first wedding ceremony, at least not from my viewpoint, yet it was quite extraordinary in some respects, as will be seen. The families represented were eminently respectable people, the bride residing some five miles out from the city.

I have seen many a case of "nerves" among the very near seventeen hundred couples who have stood before me at the marriage altar. Sometimes it was the groom and sometimes the bride who suffered from this distressing malady. But this time it was the preacher who was the victim. I have faced many women in white dresses and many men in black coats since then, but I am compelled to confess that in all of my subsequent career I never again experienced such a fit of the "shakes." As I arose to read the ritual I became woefully embarrassed. The liturgy trembled perceptibly in my hands and my memory seemed paralyzed. Undertaking to put the question to the groom I could not recall his name and after an awkward pause was forced to ask for assistance. Having secured an emphatic "I do" from both of the contracting parties, I forgot to have them join right hands as the

ritual requires, but left them standing four feet apart throughout the entire ceremony. I am pleased to record however, that this *faux pas* had no effect on the validity of the service or on the subsequent connubial bliss of the couple. They were an exceptionally happy pair and lived in peaceful wedlock all their days.

Another extraordinary thing about this wedding was that the man who came to convey me to the home of the bride first swung around to a brewery and secured a small keg of beer which he placed under the seat of his conveyance. This, of course, was without my knowledge or consent. Had I known of the situation "spirituously" I should promptly have parted company with the driver and his spirits, but I was fated to make the trip in the bliss of unsuspecting ignorance. The wedding passed off in the customary flow of such functions and there was no evidence of the "flowing bowl."

The liquid course was not served until after my departure from the home and I should never have known about it had it not been for some of the guests who later gave me the information and also the merry guffaw over my rare experience — "riding to my first wedding on a keg of beer." A right good joke from their viewpoint, it must be admitted, but a dismal one from mine.

My first funeral was a rather wierd and sensational affair. It was held in a country church south of the city and in presence of a large congregation of kindred and friends. The deceased had been

slightly "oblique" morally and religiously, and that was probably the reason why the family engaged two ministers for the service. But that is where they made a mistake. The other minister was of the Dunkard persuasion and was not at all lacking in self-assertion and pulpit valor. His text was taken from the second Psalm: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; He shall hold them in derision," and true to form the sermon was a graphic description of the fiery doom of the lost. The preacher believed in the physical torment of the damned and sought to establish his views with abundant Scripture quotations. His thunderbolts of denunciation against unrepenting sinners were burning hot. He had probably never read Jonathan Edward's famous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an angry God," but he had the orthodox Edwards theology nevertheless, with this difference only: God was not angry, but in a derisive mood. He pictured Him as leaning over the battlements of Heaven and laughing at the unfortunates writhing in the torments of the fiery chaos beneath. Without explicit declaration to that effect, he consigned the deceased to this torrid and unending doom of the damned. The whole sermon was a clumsy and cruel pulpit atrocity; a barbarous and needless harrowing of the sorrowing family.

Following this harangue it became my task to remove as far as possible the odor of brimstone that pervaded the church and to drop some healing balsam on the lacerated hearts of the mourners.

But this was not the end. When we came to

the act of burying the poor fellow whose soul was writhing in torment—according to the doctrine just proclaimed — there happened a gruesome, yet ludicrous acccident. It had been raining for some time and the soil of the cemetery had become soft and loose, so that during the interment one side of the grave fell in carrying with it one of the pallbearers. The others, unable to steady themselves, allowed the coffin to fall on top of him. By a hasty effort the half-buried functionary was rescued from his uncomfortable position, not much injured, but very badly frightened. He may have been thinking that he, too, was immediately destined to that realm, the sulphurous fumes of which he had just been sniffing. It was a day of sensations and I returned home in the evening breathing a sigh of relief.

My first doctrinal controversy was with a freight conductor of the C. A. and C. Railroad. He had dropped into the services at Grace church several times, and then honored me with a visit in my study. I soon learned that he was a man with a hobby. It was that of perfectionism. He crudely contended that it was possible for a Christian to reach a stage of complete sanctification in this world so that he neither could nor would commit sin.

I took issue with him and hurled at him all my recently acquired seminary knowledge on that subject. It would be indelicate to express an opinion as to the merits of the argument. Suffice it to say that he did not seem to be convinced. He repeated his visits to the study and every time renewed the controversy, but he finally met his Waterloo. In a

transient state of financial stringency he asked the loan of ten dollars. It was a "touching" appeal and though ten dollar bills were very rare in my exchequer I parted with one, stipulating that it should be returned on the following Saturday evening; but somehow my controversial and sanctified railroad man never succeeded in "throwing the right switch." Neither he nor the ten dollars ever arrived.

I was short the legal tender but I certainly had the better of the argument. He "spiked his own guns" and left me in complete possession of the field. It was worth ten dollars to see my opponent in argument so completely annihilate himself.

It is fitting to mention also, in this connection, the first ministerial call made on me in my Akron pastorate. It was by the Rev. S. C. Goss, of Wadsworth. This brother drove twelve miles through the muddiest of Summit county roads to seek me out in my comfortable sanctum on East Market street. This call was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into friendship, the warm and intimate friendship of a life time.

Dr. Goss was a man of much individuality, as many of our older ministers remember, a good theologian, an excellent preacher and a very tactful and successful pastor. This is implied in the fact that he remained for thirty-three years in his first and only charge. Some fifteen years my senior, his friendship was to me a benediction and a comfort, and kindled in me an abiding devotion.

Not the least of his attractive qualities was a

sense of humor. I can still see the merry twinkle in his eyes as he indulged in some quip or jest, or told some laughable incident out of his own experience. I may be warranted in repeating here something he told me on that memorable first visit. The New Measure movement, that wave of wild-fire emotionalism which swept over the church more than a half century ago, had subsided then, but there were still some few smoldering embers lingering here and there.

The Doctor encountered a little outbreak of it and it perplexed him very much. He was holding a series of Gospel meetings in one of his outlying congregations, and on the evening before his visit to my sanctum he had had a rather disagreeable experience. A woman in the audience "got religion" and became "happy." She manifested her "joy in the Lord" by shouting and clapping her hands, singing and praying in a very demonstrative sort of way. It was an unexpected sensation and very disconcerting to the parson. He used his best diplomacy in trying to quiet the noisy convert, but with no effect. He dared not do anything drastic from fear of offending the family to which she belonged. It was an embarrassing situation.

Looking over the congregation he saw the young woman's mother seated in the rear seat of the church, and stepping softly back the aisle he asked her if she would not try to calm her daughter. The woman met him with a look of reproach and said, *"You wouldn't quench the Spirit, would you?"* So the Doctor, instead of getting the daughter sub-

dued, was quite discomfited himself. He went back into the pulpit and as soon as possible closed the service for the evening. He was in a quandary over the matter, and the next day as he called at my study he wondered what I would do under similar circumstances. Being young, very young, I could offer no advice.

A few weeks later I met him on the street and naturally inquired how he got along with his jubilant worshipper at subsequent services. He smilingly replied, "I have found an unfailing remedy for religious exuberance. I tried it the next night with excellent effect." "What was it?" I eagerly asked. He drily replied, "When the woman became 'happy' I simply announced that we would *take up a collection.* She immediately subsided and hasn't disturbed me since." Dr. Goss' method of subduing exuberant spirits commended itself to me and I have noted its effectiveness on several occasions in my own ministry.

I cherished an affectionate admiration for the good Doctor and delighted in him because of his abounding wit, his happy way of putting things, his deep-rooted kindness, his frankness — a quality which does not always make for friendship — and his sympathy.

My contact with him in the formative days of my early ministry proved a blessing as well as a pleasure, and, as already stated, developed into an intimate and devoted companionship. My aim had always been to follow the proverbial rule later pro-

mulgated and observed by the brilliant Secretary, John Hay:

> "Make all men your well-wishers,
> And then, in the years' steady sifting,
> Some of them turn into friends.
> *Friends are the sunshine of life.*"

Dr. Goss was one of the "well-wishers" who in the "years' steady sifting" developed into a beloved associate and confidante. I am still enjoying, not the sunshine, but the afterglow of his friendship, for the sun of his life has long since gone down.

XIX.

UP STREAM AT AKRON.

Any minister who, after an active pastorate of a decade or more, says that he has absolutely no unamiable memories connected with it is not entirely frank. It is inevitable that there should be some minor infelicities, but fortunately most of us are so constituted that we have no disposition to revive them and have consigned them forever to the limbo of a merciful oblivion.

There are, however, a host of memories to which we give welcome abode in the enchanted hall of the long ago and which we often call forth in hours of solitude and pensiveness.

My pastorate of Grace Church was by no means a sinecure, for the conditions which encompassed it were far from propitious. Yet in spite of a strenuous work and many a difficulty my ministry there was as pleasant and as fruitful as any clerical stripling might hope to have. The winds were often adverse and the current strongly against us, nevertheless the little company of Christians whom I had been ordained to lead made commendable headway.

I shall set down here, in order, some of our physical disadvantages and the manner in which we tried to overcome them. Many of my clerical brethren have experienced drawbacks similar to those I

shall allude to and will therefore the better appreciate my "Reflections" concerning them.

There was first of all, though perhaps not greatest of all, the disadvantage of an inadequate house of worship. Our building was a very modest chapel, not without some symmetry of outline but quite diminutive nevertheless. This physical insignificance was accentuated by the large and imposing church edifices that surrounded it.

About two blocks away on High street stood the Congregational church presided over by the Rev. T. E. Monroe, relative of President James Monroe, strong preacher and influential citizen. On the corner of Broadway and Mill, not more than a hundred feet distant, stood the First Universalist church, of which the Rev. Dr. E. L. Rexford, President of Buchtel College, was pastor and in which he addressed large and interested audiences, discussing the topics of the day with all the grace and precision of a Greek rhetor. Membership in this church at that time was universally regarded as a certificate of culture.

On the top of the hill, a little more than one block to the south, towered the great First Methodist church, a stronghold of that denomination and one which was favored with a fine succession of her ablest pulpiteers. The leading spirit of this church was Mr. Louis Miller, noted inventor and manufacturer, collaborator with Dr. J. H. Vincent in the founding of the New York Chautauqua, and one of the most conspicuous Sunday School workers in the country. The church had just finished its new Sun-

day School building, constructed according to Mr. Miller's own plan, with semi-circular mezzanine floor, separate class-rooms focusing on the superintendent's platform and all in complete view from his desk. This new idea became known as the "Akron Plan" and has since become the vogue in Sunday school architecture throughout the land. At that time (forty-six years ago) it was an attractive innovation and together with its ingenuous originator, the superintendent of the school, drew large crowds to the Methodist sanctuary.

When, at the noon hour, these churches dismissed their audiences the streets were black with people, so that the little handful emerging from our doors was quite swallowed up, and experienced a feeling of depressing insignificance. Our situation physically seemed like that of the little band of Christians who worshipped in some cottage under the shadow of the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which temple was so magnificent in its architecture and so imposing in its construction that it was numbered among the Seven Wonders of the World in those ancient times. We were almost submerged in our surroundings and so thoroughly circumscribed that success could come only through exceptional effort. The record however, shows that in spite of contrary forces the little flock made encouraging progress. In the course of about three years we were face to face with the imperative need of a new building. Unhappily there was no "Forward Movement" then to render us financial aid. We had only ourselves and the favor of God to rely

upon. Yet undeterred by hindering limitations the enterprise was undertaken. There were those who doubted and some who predicted absolute failure. One unknown critic thought us a weak and shallow-brained lot, and expressed his opinion in a very graphic and obtrusive sort of way. Coming to the the building one morning I found the sidewalk covered with the inscription, in large and conspicuous letters, "*A fool and his money are soon parted.*" A wise Solomonic proverb indeed, but woefully misapplied. The people who were engaged in that enterprise were not feeble wits and spendthrifts, throwing their money at the birds, but sane, sensible folk making an investment at a sacrifice, remembering the words of One wiser than Solomon, who promised a requital of "an hundred fold here in this life and in the world to come life everlasting." The sequel thoroughly vindicated the undertaking and its promoters, for the building then erected, with some additions later made, has served as the home of Grace Church for more than forty years, and is still used for that purpose. With these enlarged facilities the church became the mother of seven or eight other churches in Akron, a rich benison to a multitude of souls as well as an incalculable boon to the community in general.

The obstacle of inadequate and unimposing architecture was not the only one that confronted me at the beginning of my Akron ministry. There were others of a more serious nature and more difficult to overcome. Among these was the customary lack of prestige on the part of the Reformed church

and the colossal ignorance of our history on the part of the community. The familiar question, "Reformed what?" was more offensively present in those days than it is now. Our church and its teachings were but little understood by outsiders. And this was not surprising since many of our own people were in the same mental condition and had but slight acquaintance with their religious doctrine and their illustrious antecedents. What the Reformed Church stands for and what it has contributed to modern civilization and especially to the United States of America has been a sealed book to multitudes of otherwise well informed persons, a failing due perhaps to our excessive modesty.

This lack of denominational consciousness and self-assertion was markedly manifest at Akron, the more so because the population of the little "city among the hills" was predominantly of New England origin. Being in the Western Reserve it was but natural that the "down east" spirit should prevail. In the minds of these excellent Yankee folk all good things in this country came from England by way of Plymouth Rock. They seemed to have learned nothing about the other contributing forces to our body politic and our national institutions. The Pilgrim Fathers were the only "fathers" they knew about and the only "fathers" they recognized. The influence of the Reformed Church in American history was to them a totally unknown factor; so that any claim to credit and appreciation set up by "that little Dutch church" was regarded as altogether preposterous. Their knowledge of our

activities in the past four hundred years could be fitly represented by a big round zero. We were an absolutely negligible quantity in their estimation. All that these highly cultured people knew concerning the Reformed church was what they saw embodied in the two struggling little congregations in their own town.

The only rift in this dense pall of nescience came during a synodical meeting in the late sixties. I often heard Dr. Weimer tell of what a revelation that gathering was to the non-Reformed churches of the community. Naturally a number of our ablest men were present, such as J. H. Nevin, Henry Harbaugh, G. W. Williard, J. H. Bomberger, C. Z. Weiser, E. E. Higbee and others. According to custom the synod was invited to fill the local pulpits on the synodical Sabbath. Not much was expected in the way of pulpit oratory, and the surprise was therefore all the greater. "There were strong men before Agamemnon" and our church had some of them, much to the astonishment of the population of the Summit city.

It is recalled that the Rev. E. E. Higbee was assigned to the First Congregational church, where many of the intellectuals of Akron worshipped in those days. Higbee was not a man of imposing physique, only five feet two inches in height, and spare of build. Besides he was at the time suffering from an affection of the throat which caused him to wear a red flannel cloth about his neck. Now it will be admitted that a red rag about the neck is not calculated to enhance the appearance of any man even

though he were an Appollo in beauty; and it surely did not improve the looks of this diminutive divine as he walked up the aisle of the Congregational church on the Sunday morning aliuded to. There was an absence of that Parnasian dignity which some others of our pulpiteers possessed. The audience had some misgivings and placed a good sized interrogation point on the visiting minister and his forthcoming message. But no sooner had Higbee risen to deliver his sermon than the attention of the audience was firmly riveted upon him. They forgot the red flannel, the short stature and the lack of adipose tissue as the dormant lightning of his eye became unloosed and his full voiced eloquence went billowing through the sanctuary. His fine logic, his brilliant phrasing and his animated and polished manner held his hearers enthralled. It was an exceptional pulpit achievement as well as a surprising revelation.

The same story came from all of the churches at which our delegates officiated, causing a decided rise in the appreciation of our preachers on the part of Akronians. But aside from the pulpit oratory revealed by our men, the English speaking citizens of the community knew nothing about the Reformed Church and its history. They could not conceive that modest and unpretentious little Grace Church belonged to a communion that was a mighty factor in modern civilization and especially in the creation of our own great Republic. They knew only the English Puritans, and believed that all the constructive forces of our nation were embodied in them

and consequently came from England. They were totally oblivious of the part our Church had played in the making of the nation. In truth very few Americans knew our real antecedents and if they knew them were constrained by partisanship to keep them in the background.

I should like to tell in full here the illuminating story of the Reformed Church in its relation to our Republic but naturally cannot do so within the limits of this writing. It becomes necessary to lay restraint upon my pen and confine myself to a few brief, staccato words in touching upon this transcendently interesting subject.

The Puritans it is true exerted a very strong influence in the making of this Republic, but it should be remembered that the Puritans got their inspiration to leave England in their quest for religious freedom from certain Dutch immigrants who settled in their country, so that when they did depart they went to Holland, the most enlightened country in the world at the time and the only country in which religious freedom could be found. Holland was Reformed and the Hollanders then were the spiritual sons of John Calvin. Politically and religiously the country was very largely the fruit and flower of Calvinism. When therefore the Puritans entered Holland and sojourned there for very near twelve years they came in contact with the Reformed Church and saw its teachings embodied in civic law and life.

And these were some of the things they saw — a republican form of government the prototype of

our republic, public schools, orphan asylums, homes for the aged and the poor, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, courts and prisons, far excelling anything in the land they came from or anywhere else in the world. They saw also great universities, strong banking institutions, skilled labor, clean morals and, above all, the true religion.

These things made their inevitable impression upon them and influenced them mightily in their later career in New England. Beyond the shadow of a doubt many of the ideas which the Puritans incorporated into their New World plans they acquired in Holland and much of their spirit of liberty they imbibed there also. It is an interesting and fascinating story, this nexus between the United States of the Netherlands and the United States of America, a story which has not been told in our school histories and with which most of our population are as yet unfamiliar. The salient facts are these: John Calvin, the greatest exegete and theologian of the 16th century was Reformed; his doctrine spreading from Switzerland to Holland exerted a most wholesome and decisive effect on that country; the Puritan when he sought religious freedom went to Holland and probably would have remained there but for the great Roman Catholic war impending; when the Puritan finally came to America he had seen exemplified all of those ideas which were in due time given form and shape here in this country.

To be a little more specific, the two documents upon which the establishment and maintenance of

America rests — the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution are of Dutch origin. The Declaration is based almost entirely upon the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of the United Netherlands, while the salient points of our Constitution are based upon and some of them literally copied from the Netherlands Constitution. So strong is the Netherlands influence upon our American form of government that the Senate of the United States, as a body, derives most of the peculiarities of its organization from the Netherlands States-General, a similar body, and its predecessor by nearly two centuries.

All this is not fancy, it is fact; it is not fiction, it is history which is destined in due season to assert itself in this country. We have no reason to apologize for our beloved denomination but can lift up our heads with a sense of profound satisfaction over her remarkable achievements during the past four centuries.

Our highly sophisticated neighbors at Akron seemed to know nothing about these facts and many more of equal significance, all of which would have jarred their Puritan complacency quite out of plumb.

These "Late Reflections" may seem to have taken us somewhat afield but not to any serious extent. This little excursion into the realm of history and of nation-building has not carried us so far from Akron and Grace church that we cannot return. We have not been aimlessly vagabonding but have

been sure of our bearings and our purpose. And now we hasten back.

That congregation has strong attractions for me, borne out of past association. I have not forgotten the memorable decade spent as its pastor. A few of my old friends and fellow laborers still survive and I should like to enumerate them here but must refrain because of limitations. They will, however, remain perennially dear to my heart.

The very building in which we worked and worshipped has its peculiar fascination and makes its own appeal to us. It seems to be a living, sentient thing. Its walls breathe out love and reverence. Its pulpit and its pews have tongues that are eloquent of sacred hours and hallowed experiences. It is not a dead structure, *it has a soul.* Paradoxical as it may seem, this edifice made of wood and brick and stone has a soul, that is, to us it has. As Margaret Sanner in "The Soul of the Violin" makes the old artist talk affectionately to his instrument as to an old companion; as Adelaide Proctor in "The Lost Chord" speaks pathetically of the "soul of the organ" from which came a burst of music she could not on earth recall; as F. W. Boreham discourses tenderly about "The Soul of an Old Armchair" and makes it tell of the friends it once harbored and the happy domestic scenes it witnessed, so we speak of the *soul of Grace Church,* the soul of the very structure itself.

And this is not a preposterous thing to do, it is reasonable and plausible. The soul in this case is only a matter of overflow. It is the soul of those

who labored in the construction of the church, who put their thought, their heart, their life into it; who prayed and planned and toiled to bring it into being, whose struggles and self-denials proved its very birth-throes.

The soul of the building is our own soul projected into it. And that soul has its reflex. Whenever I sit within the sacred precincts of Grace Church a hundred voices speak, a hundred memories revive, a mysterious and magic influence sweeps over me calling up a happy past, a faithful and devoted people.

It is soon to be replaced by another building, we are told. It must be torn asunder to make room for something larger and more imposing. A blessing that we need not watch that process. It would be like witnessing the mutilation and the execution of an old friend.

XX.

A GREEK BORN OUT OF DUE TIME.

Harking back to the inter-collegiate oratorical contest of fifty years ago it may be of interest to mention that my oration, though naturally somewhat sophomoric, contained an argument that won not only the favor of the judges but also of the audience, and found striking confirmation in a concrete example appearing in this country a little later on.

The subject of the oration was "The Court of the Beautiful and the Sanctuary of the Truth" — which meant in plain phrase "The Relation of the Greek Religion to Christianity." The process of reasoning was meant to reveal the prophetic and preparatory bearing of Greek mythology on Christian Theology. The sculptured group of Laocoon and the Weeping Niobe were discerned to represent the helpless sinfulness of the race, while the myth of Prometheus was shown to adumbrate in a very striking way the tragedy of Calvary. These and other interesting types and similitudes were adduced to demonstrate that the Grecian "Court of the Beautiful" indeed led up to the Christian "Sanctuary of the Truth."

But in a parenthetic way reference was also made to some points of divergence. The difference between the Greek Zeus and the divine Father as re-

vealed by Christ was indicated, as was also the difference between the Olympian abode of the gods and the Heaven of the New Testament. In their snow-capped mountain home Zeus and his subordinate deities lived a life of ease and leisure, spent their time in selfish indulgence and sinful revelry, oblivious of and unconcerned about mortals here below. None of them ever came down except in pursuit of some selfish purpose, save Prometheus alone, who stole away on a mission of mercy to men and suffered a terrible fate for doing it. All the rest of the Olympian gods remained apathetic and totally indifferent to the welfare of human creatures. And since these ancient gods were only imaginary beings, the celestial reflection of men, it was natural to find the Greeks of that period a voluptuous and licentious people, in striking contrast with Christians who, in imitation of their God, were pure, high-minded and unselfish. Thus the resemblance, and thus the difference between the Greek Religion and Christianity, as portrayed by the youthful orator in that intellectual joust of half a century ago.

Some years later — and this is very significant — there appeared in England a picturesque character, who illustrated in a most graphic way the contrast I had parenthetically drawn between the "Court of the Beautiful" and the "Sanctuary of the Truth," between the ancient Greek genius and the spirit of our Christianity. The man referred to was Oscar Wilde, Irishman by birth, but Englishman by residence and training. Wilde was a man of strong intellect and literary tastes, witty, viva-

cious and brilliant in conversation, a favorite in many of the drawing-rooms of London. He called himself *A Greek born out of due time.* And that he was indeed. His professed aim in life was to reproduce in the Nineteenth Century the Greek culture of two thousand years ago. The love of the beautiful was his hobby and his religion. He went only part way with Goethe, who accepted Kant's imperative and stated his creed thus: "A man must resolve to live for the Good and the Beautiful and for the common Weal." Wilde's resolve was to live for the Beautiful only, ignoring the Good and snapping his fingers at the Common Weal. He was an aesthete, and believed that the aesthetic standard should be applied in every direction. If a thing was physically beautiful it received his enthusiastic sanction, no matter what else it might be.

Some of his writings were piquant and salacious. And this he justified by saying, "My writings are neither moral nor immoral but *a*moral, that is without moral complexion. They are beautiful, intellectual, and that's enough for me!" A man or a woman with an ugly face was taboo with him, no matter how pure the heart or fine the character. He would have refused to talk to St. Paul, "the ugly little Jew," or to Renan, Voltaire or Samuel Johnson, for a similar reason. He turned away from physical deformity, from disease, from poverty, from anything unpleasant. The hardships, the misfortunes and the sufferings of men made absolutely no impression upon him. These things were not "beautiful" and that ended it. Everybody can

be beautiful, he said, and ought to be. Without beauty they are not deserving of pity and should be left to their own fate. He was a genuine son of Zeus and represented well the old time Olympian spirit. For a while he was all the rage in certain aristocratic circles, and for this very reason.

We remember well his visit to this country, on the occasion of a lecture tour, and the sensation he created by his striking costume — loose shirt with turn-down collar, flowing tie of uncommon shade, velvet coat and knee-breeches. In addition he usually carried a lily or a sun-flower in his hand.

His itinerary took him to Boston for a lecture to the intellectuals of that city. A number of Harvard students who were out of sympathy with his cult dressed up in a burlesque of his aesthetic costume. The masqueraders waited until Wilde had stepped upon the platform, and then trooped in, in single file, each assuming a demeanor more absurd than that of the man who preceded him. There were sixty youths in the procession and all were dressed in swallowtail coats, knee-breeches, flowing wigs and green ties. They all wore large lilies in their button-holes, and each man carried a huge sun-flower as he limped along. Sixty front seats were reserved for the Harvard contingent and it was amid shouts of laughter that they filed into their places.

It was said to have been an excellent take-off, but it didn't disconcert Wilde in the least. Being a prodigious poseur he ignored the joke, calmly delivered his lecture and was listened to with respectful at-

tention throughout. His tour in this country was not a great success and he soon returned to his old haunts and his old friends in England.

There comes now the painful stage in his career and I find no delight in writing about it. It was doubtless the logical consequence of his foolish Greek fad, his insane devotion to the "Beautiful" to the exclusion of any thing else. So thoroughly Greek was this "Greek born out of due time" that he soon fell victim to a sin that was characteristically Greek and that was in vogue quite universally in the days of Greece's most ardent devotion to the aesthetic.

This sin must remain undesignated here, excepting the mention that it was heinous and unnatural. Beauty of form whether in male or female were alike to him, with certain repulsive but logical consequences. The matter got into the courts and he was sentenced to two years confinement in Reading Jail, a very severe penalty indeed for this soft, pampered and egoistical Sybarite, who hitherto had refused to take any notice of the rigorous and seamy side of life.

(There has been a recent echo of this famous case in the English courts, when Lord Alfred Douglas endeavored by legal process to rid himself of some taint of reputation acquired through his intimate association with Wilde in his palmy days.)

Wilde's imprisonment, by its very austerity had a wholesome effect upon him. It brought him face to face with *stern realities.* The phases of

human life from which he turned stolidly away, were here forced upon his gaze. Cruelty, unloveliness, sorrow and tears confronted him and quickened into life that side of his nature which had been atrophied. Love and pity in the Christian sense of the word, were awakened in him. He gained some conception of the significance of woe and sorrow and learned to appreciate the motive which brought the divine Christ into the world. Under the stress of this emotion and behind naked prison walls he wrote *De Profundis,* the finest product of his pen, and gave evidence of his ability to rival Tolstoi or Renan had he continued in the spirit which then possessed him. He began to see in Jesus a personality greater than any of the Greek gods and got a taste of the passion which devout Christians feel for their divine Master.

It was during this imprisonment also that he wrote "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," declared by many to be the finest ballad in the English language. One verse will show how near to the heart of Christianity Wilde had been brought by his prison experience:

> "And with tears of blood He cleansed the hand,
> The hand that held the steel;
> For only blood can wipe out blood,
> And only tears can heal;
> And the crimson stain that was of Cain
> Became Christ's snow-white seal."

He said that it seemed necessary for him to go to prison to learn to know this but that it was worth while going. For a little time after his release he

remained under the spell of what might be called his "Christian experience." He even went to mass several times and made a pilgrimage to the shrine of *Notre Dame de Liesse.* But, alas, his good resolution failed him and he dropped back into his former state of mind and heart. He was by nature a pagan who for a few months had become a Christian. But to live as a devotee of Jesus should, seemed impossible to this "Greek born out of due time."

Immediately after his liberation from Reading Jail, Wilde left England, because English society ostracised him in a most unmerciful and un-Christian manner. All but a very limited number of his old friends refused to recognize him. This social interdiction pursued him even to the continent. He changed his name and lived incognito in order to avoid the withering public scorn that everywhere awaited him. It was only a short time until he became thoroughly "Greek" again — artistic, beauty-loving, but sensual, perverted, intemperate, ungrateful, dishonest and idle. He went back to his old habits and lived the life that spelled ruin and death. He finally died of a loathsome disease in a mean little hotel in Paris, forsaken by his friends and with absolutely no one present to nurse him or alleviate his dying agony. When the undertaker took charge of his body it was in such a condition as to fill the room with an almost intolerable odor and in the afternoon of the next day, a dreary autumn day, the mortal remains of this unhappy individual were lowered into the grave in the village cemetery of Bagniex, with only six persons present to participate

in the last rites of the dead. What a pitiful exit for one who but a few years before was a popular literary and social idol, a perfumed, rose-tinted, lily-fingered aesthete. In spite of alluring analogies it is quite a step after all from the "Court of the Beautiful" to the "Sanctuary of the Truth."

XXI.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE AND DEATH.

Early in my career in Grace church, I encountered a case of sickness which perplexed me not a little. A member of the congregation was suffering with an incurable malady, but could not believe that her disease was mortal and did not care to hear about her approaching death. As is usually the case, the family turned the matter over to the pastor. Perhaps the wise thing would have been complete silence about death, for she was a good Christian woman; but the family wanted her to be made acquainted with her condition, and I tried to meet their wishes.

By gentle intimation I soon convinced her that she could not recover, but to make her resigned to that fact was a different task. She resisted the intrusion of the death angel to the utmost and shrank back from his approach. She had been a good church member and an exemplary wife and mother, yet she feared to die. All efforts to secure acquiescence proved futile. Finally, in a mood of urgency I said,

"Mrs. F—, won't you be frank and tell me just what it is that causes you to shrink back from death?"

She said, "Oh, I dread the thought of being nailed in a box and put under the ground."

It was just a little materialism asserting itself, the physical dominating the spiritual and obscuring her vision of the future. I soon had her discriminating between the body, this "muddy vesture of decay," which alone goes into the grave, and the spirit, which, all unconscious of the tomb, takes its heavenward flight in the moment of death. A short time afterward she passed over into the immortal with a song in her heart and a smile on her lips.

This good woman, fearing death, is not an isolated case but a typical one. There are many Christians who talk unctuously about a better world, but in the critical hour have a decided preference for this one; who sing rapturously of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," but shrink back from its sweetness; who go into ecstasy over the glories of heaven, but when approaching them cling desperately to the "beggarly elements of the world."

This amusing incongruity probably has its explanation in the confusion of terminals above alluded to, the underground and the celestial. The body with its downward destination looms larger than the spirit going back to God. Calling "the earth mother and the worms sister and brother" seems a nearer prospect than the fellowship of saints and angels. It is only a temporary delusion, for in due season Christian faith asserts itself again and heaven becomes once more an imminent and alluring reality.

Why should any Christian fear to die, when he knows that death is only a sleep with an awakening

into a higher life? Why should any good person, Christian or pagan, fear to die? A hundred religions, each in turn, have brought comfort to the worrying minds of men by telling what would be found on the other side of the grave, holding out the most enticing prospects. These alluring pictures may have been only the phantoms of the human brain, but to those pagans who believed in them they had the effect of realities and served to allay the fear of death.

The Christian has the most enrapturing prospect of all held out before him and yet often he, above all others, clings to life and dreads to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

The correct attitude toward life, doubtlessly is one of appreciation. Life is the greatest of physical blessings and it is natural as well as Christian to want to preserve and enjoy it as long as possible; but when the inevitable dissolution of the body approaches, there should be no recoiling from it. According to the order of the universe there must be something better awaiting us "on the other side."

This is a beautiful world we are living in now. It is hard to conceive of one more beautiful, and as far as I am concerned my desire is to remain here as long as possible. I am intensely interested in it and am overwhelmed by its startling wonders and amazing possibilities. What more delightful occupation could there be for the human mind than the study of nature and the exploitation of its marvelous energies for the comfort and improvement of mankind!

According to latest scientific advices this world has been in existence or in process of formation for at least eight hundred million years and will probably go on for many millions more. Human civilization, however, is only about twelve thousand years old, which means that we are only that length of time from the Stone Age. But what miraculous things have been accomplished in that brief period! No Aladdin's lamp could conjure up such marvels as the human mind has drawn out of the physical world around us. But what infinitely more wonderful things will be done in the millions of years to come! We are just beginning to know and appreciate the universe; we have taken only the first experimental steps in the proper enjoyment of it. Our scientific exploitation of its resources is just in its infancy. A veritable glamour-realm of marvels and of miracles is before us.

Electricity amazes us and we see no end to its possibilities. But there are substances with still greater potency in them — uranium, polonium, actinum, radium, etc. The last, especially, gives promise of greater things even than electricity. I recently saw in the hands of a New York minister a little case containing one ten-millionth part of a gram of radium. (One gram would be about a third of an ordinary thimbleful.) This infinitesimal bit of radium is in a sort of solution and is constantly giving forth emanations, bombarding the walls of the box with minute explosions like so many dancing stars, and marvelous to say, *it will continue to do this for a hundred years to come.*

Now this tiny box is only a toy presented to the minister by a millionaire parishioner, but it gives a faint intimation of this new substance which we are just beginning to know. It will be some time yet before it can be procured in commercial quantities, but that is sure to come. What miracles men will be performing with it and other substances twenty-five or fifty years from now, no prophet can foretell. The most fertile human fancy cannot dream of the things that will be commonplace realities to our children and children's children.

So volatile and elusive are the finer grades of matter that as we pursue them we seem almost in the presence of ethereal energies that flash with the light of intelligence; we feel that we cannot be far from the borders of the spiritual, for as we try to lay hold of these forces they escape from us into a realm that appears to be immaterial and just beyond our grasp. The materialist may yet unwittingly destroy his own creed as he goes stumbling through the universe and finds himself face to face with matter so refined that he can scarcely distinguish it from spirit. It is all very startling; it defies definition and is wonderful in the superlative degree. There is positively no limit to man's achievements as he learns to understand the blazing galaxies of matter with which he is surrounded and in which his body is rooted.

But the physical progress of the world, great as it is, will not outstrip the moral. In spite of some appearance to the contrary the world is slowly

but surely growing better. Through strife and tumult, through pain and bloodshed the race is gradually moving forward. They who think our civilization is doomed to speedy destruction are in error; it is gradually struggling upward and it is becoming more and more apparent that "there is one far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves." I believe the universe is constituted that way and that the great God wants it so. There may be action and reaction, ebb and flow, but the general trend is sunward.

Though things do look dark at times, why should we doubt our God? Why should we not "play the gentleman" with him and trust him fully in the government of his own universe? Why should we whine and mourn as though right were worsted and wrong were to triumph forever? Even the suffering invalid, Robert Louis Stevenson, on his "mattress grave" in far off Samoa, had the grace to say, a short time before his death, "I would believe in the ultimate decency of things even though I woke up in the the midst of Hell." This brilliant man, frail of body and without much religious pretension, had more faith in the ultimate victory of the right, the final triumph of the good, than many men who have stronger bodies and make louder profession of faith. No matter what the appearances at any given time, he felt that in the end justice and righteousness would prevail.

God is on His throne; the reins are in His hands and will never for a moment fall out of them. He is in complete control of things. To believe in His

mastery is to honor Him; to mistrust is to dishonor Him.

Great difficulties remain to be surmounted and gigantic problems to be solved, but like many others, they will find their solution in due season. There are some of us who would like to tarry here a while longer in order to participate modestly in this fascinating work of solving the world's problems, and to witness the marvelous moral and spiritual unfolding of the race. There is a constantly increasing charm about it.

If God were to come to me with a contract conceding me five hundred years more of life on earth, I would sign it at once—provided I should be guaranteed health of mind and body, and the full possession of my senses and faculties. Of course, God will not make such an overture or any like it. There is a very good reason why a human career does not and should not last five hundred years. God knows what it is and I think that I know also. But the fact remains that I am supremely contented here and have no desire to hasten away. Life is sweet and still has strong attractions for me.

It may be interesting to observe, in this connection, that human longevity is constantly increasing. The average life of man has been lengthened ten years in the last half century. This prolongation has been brought about mainly through the elimination of bacilli, and scientists tell us that after a while when men learn to live as they should, our allotted time here on earth instead of being seventy or eighty years will be one hundred and forty-four

— twelve times twelve — twelve times the twelve years preceding the power of reproduction. Bernard Shaw in his book "Back to Methuselah" sets the probable future limit of life at three hundred years. But Bernard is somewhat extravagant here as he often is; yet there is no telling what effect centuries of correct living, proper sanitation, wholesome diet and surroundings may have on human longevity.

Life is not very long at best, though doubtless to most of mortals it is long enough. And the man who has lived his share and done his best can say with Stevenson as he fell asleep in his island home, "I lay me down with a right good will"; or if he be a professing Christian he can say with a greater than Stevenson, "I am now ready to be offered up; the time of my departure has come, a crown of righteousness is awaiting me."

Five minutes after death we shall know more than the wisest man on earth ever knew; our eyes will see things more marvelous than physical eyes ever beheld; we shall experience things more entrancing than have ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.

At any age or under any circumstances the Christian need not fear to die—in youth, in middle life, or in tottering decline. The far side of the grave begins for him a new life, a life that stretches out in endless beauty and enchantment before him. This new career with its enlarged opportunities, its pleasing activities and its constantly expanding horizon, makes Eternity attractive. The certainty of the

glorious hereafter irradiates the sombreness of the grave; its absence would produce a different effect. It would render necessary a new appraisal of death, making it, not a thing to be feared, but a hopeless and a cheerless thing nevertheless. The old Persian poet fittingly said,

> "Sad indeed would be the sunset
> Were we not sure of the morrow."

XXII.

EVOLUTION THEN AND NOW.

When I entered the ministry forty-seven years ago the relation of science to religion was as now a much debated question and caused the clergy a great deal of perplexity. The epoch-making Darwinian Theory of Evolution was asserting itself and creating an endless amount of dissension between church-men and scientists, much of it passionate and acrimonious.

To most ministers the theory assumed a portentous aspect and seemed to menace the very foundations of our Christian faith. They were greatly perturbed by the idea that in bringing the world into existence God worked in slow and gradual ways and not by fiats suddenly issued and promptly executed in seven successive days. They believed that the walls of Zion would totter if the theory became universally accepted, and looked upon it as a direct and specific attack on religion. Accordingly the hot thunderbolts of ecclesiastical argument were let loose at the scientists of the Darwinian school and oceans of pulpit ridicule were poured on the heads of those who believed that "man is descended from the monkey." There was endless discussion and unlimited derision of the apparently preposterous and dishonoring idea. I am honest enough to confess that I too took a hand in the prolonged and momen-

tous debate and had my fling at the luckless Darwinian theory. It amuses me now when I think of the weighty scientific arguments I used to hurl at evolution from my little pulpit. In the course of a few years, however, I attained my mental poise again and concluded that the most advantageous attitude to assume would be that of silent neutrality.

Anyone referring to the columns of the Christian World of thirty-five years or more ago will find me on record there as feeling quite composed over the question of Darwinian Evolution. The reason given was that this revolutionary theory was not an established fact and that such men as Dana, Agassiz, Hugh Miller, Quatrefages, Cuvier, Virchow and others were opposed to it, and that as long as scientists themselves were in disagreement about it theologians would not need to be disquieted; that any teaching antagonized by a dozen of the leading physicists and biologists in the world could not rightfully claim to be scientific truth. And this being the case there was as yet no need of trying to adjust our theology to it.

But "a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge" since then and evolution has assumed a different aspect. There is no longer any serious disagreement among scientists over it and I doubt whether there is a biologist of outstanding importance on earth today who is not an evolutionist of some kind. The thinking of the modern world is on the basis of evolution. The theory is being taught in our High Schools and Colleges everywhere, and

our young people are accepting it as the scientific explanation of the universe.

It may be of interest to note that evolution is unreservedly endorsed by such men as C. D. Walcott, of the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum at Washington; Prof. Henry F. Osborn, Director of the Museum of Natural History, New York, Paleontologist; Prof. H. DeVries, Botanist and noted student of Heredity, Amsterdam, Holland; J. Arthur Thomson, University of Aberdeen, Scotland, Professor of Natural History and noted Zoologist; Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, Professor Emeritus of Physics, Ohio State University (an old Stark county boy, by the way); Dr. David Starr Jordan, Naturalist and Zoologist, Leland Stanford University; Dr. C. B. Davenport, Director of the Carnegie Laboratory for Experimental Evolution; Dr. M. J. Greenman, Director of the Wistar Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., etc., etc., etc.

It is significant, too, that the Association for the Advancement of Science at its recent meeting in Boston (January, 1923) adopted a series of resolutions, including the following: "The Council of the Association affirms that so far as the scientific evidences of the coalition of plants and animals and *man* are concerned, there is no ground whatsoever for the assertion that these evidences constitute 'a mere guess.' No scientific generalization is more strongly supported by thoroughly attested evidences than that of organic evolution."

These resolutions affirming that "no scientist of note in the world any longer doubts the evidences

in favor of the evolution of man," were unanimously adopted by the Association without quibble or equivocation. The Association referred to is one of the largest scientific bodies in the world with a membership of more than eleven thousand persons, including the American authorities in all branches of science.

It should be remembered, too, that Darwin's theory of the origin of species is only one of a number of explanations of evolution and not the fact itself. His idea as to means and method is debatable and may be wrong. Another and more adequate explanation may yet be found. But whether Darwin's theory be right or wrong the fact of evolution remains. "Among students of animals and plants there is no longer any question that the animals of the present are the altered animals of the past, that the plants of this age are the modified plants of former ages, and that the civilized man of today was the savage of yesterday and the tree dweller of the day before."

Since this is true, is the church or that part of the church which still opposes evolution, acting wisely? Is it good policy to ignore facts by ostrich-like burying our heads in the sand of prejudice? I am not sure that ostriches do the thing attributed to them. I have never seen them do it; but it surely would be a stupid procedure on their part. For men to do a similar thing would be still more stupid. The proper course to pursue is to face the facts and it is impossible to "face facts" by "turning our back" on them. That would not only be perpetrating an

Irish "bull" but it would turn out to be a very unprofitable course to pursue.

It is possible to accept the established teaching of science without detriment to any of the essentials of our Christian faith and life. What God has written into the material universe, when rightly interpreted, cannot be in conflict with what he has written in his Word, when properly understood. Truth is truth wherever it may be found. God has not and cannot contradict himself. Creation by evolution does not exclude the Deity from the universe. It implies God to the same extent as does creation by fiat. There are certain elements in evolution which only some good, mighty, personal and purposeful Power could supply. It implies an initial impulse and an upward urging force in nature very like that which a suddenly issued fiat of creation would imply. There is a benevolent plan and purpose revealed in all the outcome of gradual evolution, just as there would be in instantaneous creation, and there is just as much room for the divine Presence. The principle difference is that in one case the results are gradual and in the other immediate.

John Fiske, who was the friend of Huxley, the most eminent exponent of Darwinism, says, (Angel in the Sun, page 17) "Evolution has traced the hand of a higher force working in and through nature, and made it apparent that that force belongs to another and higher world. It does not remove the Deity to an unapproachable distance, but reveals Him as the ever present God, without whom not a

sparrow falls to the ground and whose voice is heard in each whisper of the conscience."

That the physical universe apart from man, is the result of an evolutionary process is so plain that it would seem foolhardy to dispute it. To call this in question would be to ignore the testimony of our own senses and to discredit the observations of the brainiest of men. The astronomer points his telescope toward the sky and sees stars in process of formation. These stars are worlds like our own and every stage of their development is in plain view. There is nothing instantaneous about it. It is a slow and age-long process of evolution. Geologists examine the different strata of the earth and read their meaning in a way that cannot be disputed. These strata are the incontestible evidence of the gradual formation of the world. To question this is "biting on granite" in a very real sense. The rocks themselves declare the numberless ages that have elapsed since the process of formation began, somewhat as the rings in the trunk of a tree indicate the years of its existence. Naturalists tell us that there has been a slow evolving of vegetable life from the most primitive forms up to its present marvelously diversified and fascinatingly beautiful types. Zoologists bear similar testimony as to an upward development of animal life and they see its different stages plainly outlined by fossilized specimens found imbedded in the truth-telling rocks of the earth.

Now since the evolutionary process is manifestly operative in the mineral, the vegetable and the

animal kingdoms, does not this create a strong presumption that man is the result of a similar process? To my mind this would seem quite plausible and the anthropologist, after mature investigation, declares that this strong presumption is well founded.

Many there be who follow the evolutionary process up to a point where it enters the realm of human kind and then suddenly pause and refuse to go any further, discarding evolution and adopting the theory of special creation in the case of man. I do not appreciate their course. It does not seem natural or logical. I hold no brief for Darwinian Evolution and I do not purpose to formulate an argument in its favor. Mr. Darwin maintains that man is descended from an animal ancestor close akin to the ape, that the two have a common and far away progenitor belonging to the species of mammals. He calls attention to the marked resemblance between the two. "The same two hundred bones compose the skeleton in man and the ape. The same three hundred muscles serve to move the various parts of the skeleton. The same hair covers the skin; the same mammary glands provide food for the young. The same four chambered heart acts as central pump for the circulation; the same thirty-two teeth are found in their jaws; the same reproductive organs maintain the species; the same groups of neurona or glanglionic cells compose the wondrous structure of the brain, and accomplish that highest function of the plasm which we call the soul. Whatever organs we take, the differences between man and the anthropoid apes are slighter than the cor-

responding differences between the latter and the lower apes." It is further averred that the fossilized ape-man found in Java several years ago has turned out to be the "missing link." The previously discovered Neanderthal skull belongs to an extinct species of man, which was midway between the missing link and the true human being. In this way the evolutionary scientist connects man with the next lower species of mammals and through them with the anterior forms of animal life.

What now should be the attitude of the Christian Church toward evolution so strongly advocated by scientists and so widely adopted by thoughtful men? To say the least, it should be one of tolerance and respect. Any other than that would be unwise and unprofitable. The adjustment of our theology to it may cause some intellectual friction and some religious discomfort, but while the attempt is being made all Christians should be fair, patient and reasonable, crediting others with due sincerity and awaiting with patience the outcome.

Frequent reference is made to the Roman Catholic church as being ultra-conservative in its doctrinal position and totally out of harmony with evolutionary thought. This, however, is not wholly correct. An effort has been made by Roman Catholics to reconcile the conclusions of modern science with the traditional teachings of the Church. The Jesuit Fathers, among whom are some of the brightest minds of the Church, recognize the truth of evolution and are seeking to adjust it to fundamental Christian doctrine. Prominent among these evolu-

tionary Jesuits is Father Eric Wasman of Luxemburg, the distinguished entomologist.

We may pause here to narrate a very striking and significant occurrence that took place in Germany a half century ago. Rudolph Virchow, the foremost pathologist and publicist of Europe in his day, happened to be also Prussian Minister of Instruction. Yielding probably to Protestant ecclesiastical influence he forbade the teaching of evolution in the schools of Prussia. This was as late as 1877. Twenty-five years later the Jesuits of Prussia demanded the repeal of that law. This signifies unmistakably that they did not regard the doctrines of evolution as destructive of the fundamental doctrines of the church. Many of our American Christians are not as tolerant or as liberal as the Jesuits on the subject of evolution. Protestants would do well to be at least as tolerant as the Jesuit Fathers, and to cease pouring ridicule upon a theory which if it has not already been fully established bids fair to be so in the not distant future.

The clergy of the Church of England have long since ceased to antagonize evolution and seem to have little trouble in adjusting themselves to it. Charles Darwin sleeps in Westminster Abbey, the hallowed mausoleum of England's noted dead, which fact in itself is strong evidence of the changed attitude of the English clergy and of the profound reverence which English scholars cherish for the great biologist.

I recall here a meeting of British scientists and theologians at which Canon Wilberforce and Tho-

mas Huxley were to speak, the former opposing, the latter defending the Darwinian theory. Wilberforce spoke for three quarters of an hour without presenting a single argument against it. He made use exclusively of the weapon of ridicule and closed by turning to Huxley and saying, "Mr. Huxley, is it on your father's or your mother's side that you are descended from an ape?" Before rising to speak Huxley said, *sotte voce,* to a friend on his right, "The Lord has delivered him into my hands." He then addressed Wilberforce saying, "I would not be ashamed to be descended from an ape for that would be distinctly an *ascent;* but I would be ashamed to be descended from a prince of the church, who when confronted with one of the most vital questions of the ages contents himself with pouring ridicule upon it instead of squarely meeting the issue;" and then proceeded to present his arguments. It was a severe blow to Wilberforce and one from which he never fully recovered. There is a warning in it that more modern church men would do well to heed.

It needs to be emphasized that Darwin never said man was descended from the monkey. He did say as Huxley also said, that "in his mode of origin and the early stages of his development man is far nearer to the ape than to the dog and that both man and ape *were probably descended from some common animal ancestry.*"

To me there is nothing dishonoring about such a lowly origin. The Bible distinctly states that we came from the dust; whether it was by way of a sudden fiat or by way of a slow development should be

a matter of indifference to us. Both ways are equally divine, provided we cling to the essential truth that it was God who breathed into man the breath if life. This sort of evolution, the theistic (evolution with God in it) may be thoroughly Christian.

It is possible to be a theistic evolutionist and at the same time a devout follower of the Nazarene. We instance here the case of Henry Drummond, that loving and lovable Scotch philosopher, Professor of Natural Science at the University of Glasgow. Drummond was one of the first Christian thinkers to accept evolution. He recognized it as a fact, a plausible, reasonable and beautiful explanation of the universe, "God's way of doing things." At a time when it was yet unpopular he accepted it and it did not destroy his Christian faith or weaken his zeal in Christian activity. In evidence of this let us recall that when Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, made their memorable visit to Scotland several decades ago, Drummond, the naturalist, was one of the first to join them in their effort. He associated with them personally and induced some of the brainiest men of Scotland to give their sanction to those meetings and to take part in them. Drummond, particularly, dropped everything and threw his whole soul into that wonderfully successful campaign.

Some years later this amiable philosopher was on a lecture tour in this country. His itinerary took him to Concord, Massachusetts, the home of Lowell and Longfellow, Holmes and Emerson. On arriving there his time was limited; he could remain in

this country only two or three days longer. As was expected, he received an invitation to dine with Longfellow and Holmes, an honor which any man would highly prize. It happened at the same time that Moody and Sankey were conducting evangelistic meetings in Cleveland and there presented itself to Drummond the alternative of accepting the invitation to dine with the poets or of going to Cleveland to see his old time friends, the evangelists. He could not do both and was compelled to choose between them. It was a severe test and a strong temptation. Here was a rare opportunity and a great distinction. He must have been greatly inclined to prefer the dinner with the poets, for he was right there in Concord, and could walk to Longfellow's house in ten minutes. Cleveland was eight hundred miles away and it was in the dead of winter. Yet he declined the invitation to Longfellow's home and made the journey to the city on the Lake shore, just for the privilege of walking in unexpectedly on his old associates and spending a few hours with them in their services. That strong philosopher, that sweet-spirited naturalist, that theistic evolutionist discriminated against the poets and in favor of the evangelists.

Scientific truth will not interfere with spiritual truth and the research of the scientist need not restrain the zeal of the Christian. A man may be an evolutionist, and if he have the spirit of God he may be a Christain, too. On the other hand a man may be a consistent traditionalist but if he have not the spirit of God he is not a Christian.

The last word in divine revelation has not yet been uttered, for revelation is not final. It is continuous and progressive. God did indeed speak to Moses and Abraham, to Samuel, Isaiah and the other ancient worthies, but to assume that having thus spoken he became exhausted and lapsed into silence for all time to come is erroneous.

This is an inadequate conception of God and would lay undue restraint upon Him. As he could and did speak to "Holy men of old" he can and does speak to good men of our day.

The truth has not all been discovered and it never will be. Only the Infinite can grasp it in its entirety. To man the search for it is an unending quest. The Master Himself said to His disciples, "I have yet many things to say to you but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He will guide you into all truth." That Spirit is here now, the spirit of the microscope, the spirit of the telescope, the spirit of the crucible, the spirit of the testing tube, and under His influence we are learning more and more about God. Our conception of Him is constantly enlarging, and we should be free to accept these modern revelations, enslaved by nothing save the love of Christ, the King of Truth.

The Christian need not fear for his religion. It is a vital reality, and as such is independent of science and of theology too. It is the soul's experience and in point of time precedes all sciences. They follow after, formulating definitions and issuing dicta which in the course of the years and with

our constantly widening knowledge are changed again. But religion, which is the soul's relation to God, defies all change and remains forever unaltered.

The illustrious Frenchman, Sabatier, stated a real truth when he said that "man is an incurably religious animal." His phraseology was not fortunate. It savors of the pathological and suggests that religion is a disease, which if it could be cured would leave man totally irreligious. What he really meant to say was that man is intuitively, inevitably and unalterably religious, and that is an impregnable truth. The experience of centuries confirms it and our present solicitude in regard to it is needless and unfounded.

XXIII.

FROM AKRON TO CANTON.

How can a minister know when a change of pastorate is in order? What conditions are there that would suggest his looking for fresh fields and pastures green? This is a question that has perplexed many conscientious shepherds of souls. They are at a loss when to go or how long to stay. Some commit the error of going too soon and others offend woefully by lingering too long. Good Dr. Broadus of Louisville, Kentucky, gave illuminating advice when he said that before making a change of pastoral location there should be felt "a strong pull from in front and at least a gentle push from behind." Now there came a time in my Akron career when the first of these conditions prevailed — "the strong pull from in front." As to "the gentle push from behind," I never felt it at any time, if ever it was given. At the expiration of very near eleven years there still remained the most cordial relation between pastor and people and a firm tie of mutual affection binding them together. But "the pull from in front" became irresistible. That "pull" was an invitation to become pastor of the Trinity Reformed church in Canton. This was not an ordinary but an extraordinary "call," extraordinary because it beckoned me toward my old home town and the scenes of my boyhood.

Trinity Reformed Church, erected 1892, under pastorate of E. P. Herbruck

Trinity Reformed Church, erected 1870, under pastorate of J. B. Shumaker

The dominie had been compelled to relinquish the pulpit of the First Reformed church on account of physical infirmities and was feeling lonely in his old age. I had disappointed him by not becoming his assistant or his successor in the pulpit. And now I felt the urge of conscience as well as of natural affection impelling me toward Canton that I might be near him and his faithful spouse as they sat awaiting transfiguration. Besides there opened to me a fine opportunity for work in that vacant church, the daughter of the First, and located just across the way.

After prolonged consideration the change was made, and the only regrettable feature about it was the separation from the people of Grace church who had received me with open arms a decade before, and who had loyally followed my leadership during the formative period in my career. The farewell reception given us more than thirty-eight years ago still remains vivid in my memory and the valuable tokens bestowed occupy conspicuous places in the manse at Mt. Marie.

The transfer from Akron to Canton involved a very pleasing feature in that it took me to my native town and into the midst of a large circle of interesting kindred. There is a scripture saying that "a prophet is without honor in his own country and among his own kindred" and a tradition that a young minister is headlong who accepts a charge among the scenes of his boyhood and youth. I was contravening both of these views when I decided to go to Canton. The change implied preaching the

gospel to a large number of near relatives and to many who had been my playmates in boyhood. For a quarter of a century my pulpit was within two blocks of the spot where my cradle had stood and right in the heart of the scenes of my early life. The pursuit of my calling took me through streets and alleys where I had played as a barefooted boy and into rural landscape hallowed by many a fond recollection. Every nook and corner of the East End of Canton called up pleasant events, sometimes childish pranks and sometimes the more serious experiences of perfumed adolescence. Many of the people whom I received into the church were those with whom I had romped in childhood or possibly their children or their children's children.

My work in Canton was invested with an almost sacramental sacredness by reason of that which had gone before. All of it seemed to be peculiarly blessed of God, making my career in my home town the exception to the rule of a prophet's lack of honor in his own country and among his own kindred. It was a rare benison a smiling Providence bestowed upon me to be so long in the active ministry among a people whom I knew and loved so well.

There are many who may be interested in knowing about the origin of Trinity, the foremost Reformed church in the land. It is just a half century since this enterprising organization came out of the bosom of the old First church, of which dominie Herbruck was pastor for so many years. There had long been a pious wish on the part of a few of the members to have English services in Canton but

it was not until the month of May 1871 that this wish was realized. Though father Herbruck conversed fluently in the English language he did not feel at ease in the public use of it, and this made the introduction of English services into the First church out of the question. But the good pastor was very willing that there should be a separate English church, and when the proper time came gave the movement his hearty endorsement and effective cooperation. An organization was brought about and the first services were held in Harter's Hall, on the Public Square, under the pastorship of J. B. Shumaker. The little fledgling soon increased from a charter list of eighteen to an ambitious membership of thirty-six, and began to feel the need of a home of its own.

And right here at its incipiency the congregation made a serious and far-reaching blunder. I mention it because of its unhallowed effects and with the hope that others may profit by it. The question of location naturally came to the fore and the committee unwisely took an option on a site just across the way from the old First Church. Dominie Herbruck saw the fatuity of this selection and not only advised against it but took active steps toward securing a reconsideration. His experiences in this connection are graphically described by him in his autobiography: "About this time the Baptist church offered their building for sale, intending to erect a larger church on a new location. It was a brick building in good condition near the center of the town (southeast corner of Market Ave.S and Fourth St.)

and about the same size as the building later erected by the English Reformed church. I went to the official board of the Baptist church and inquired concerning the price. The church and lot were offered me for four thousand dollars. I then made the new congregation the proposition to buy this church, personally offering to give two hundred dollars and one of my sons promised five hundred dollars more. In this way the congregation itself would have had to raise only thirty-three hundred dollars. My well-meant proposition was declined. There was of course, no objection to the financial aid offered, but the committee decided against the up-town location and in favor of one near the Old First Church. A lot was therefore bought immediately opposite the mother church and about three thousand dollars paid for it. Upon it a frame building was erected at an additional cost of four thousand dollars. Had my advice been accepted, the congregation would have had a church almost in the center of the town and would have saved thirty-five hundred dollars, besides a considerable number of excellent members who preferred the central location."

Just what the motive was for this unhappy choice we are, at this late date, unable definitely to determine, and it is perhaps best not to speculate about it. Whatever may have been the purpose of the founders of Trinity in deciding upon that course it must now be characterized as a serious strategic blunder.

As might have been foreseen the location of the new church so near the old created some friction

Ministers of Trinity Reformed Church—
Rev. E. P. Herbruck, 1886-1918
Rev. J. B. Shumaker, 1871-1873
Rev. Edward Herbruck, 1873-1881

and a feeling of estrangement between the two congregations which continued for years but has now been totally obliterated, much to the gratification of all concerned.

But more than this the location proved unfavorable from a tactical standpoint. It placed the church in one end of the city and in a section where three other churches had already been established within a radius of two blocks. My convictions on this subject are strong and well grounded since it fell to my lot after the lapse of forty years to rectify this primal blunder and to transfer the congregation from East Tuscarawas street to its present magnificent site on Market avenue, North. To effect such a change of base for a large congregation was no easy task, for in spite of the manifest necessity of the change, there were those who for sentimental as well as geographical reasons still clung to the old nest. Sleepless nights and anxious days were spent by the pastor of Trinity while this process was going on. Its final achievement with the loss of only one family was a marked triumph, and now that it is all an accomplished fact, even its original opponents are ready to confess their error of judgment and to recognize the superior advantage of the present central location.

To "point a moral" though it may not "adorn a tale" I have told here the story of that initial mistake. A proper site for a church is of commanding importance, to my mind of greater consequence even than its architecture and its equipment. The convenience of a few people at the time of the selection

ought not to be decisive. There should be some reference to future needs and possible communal developments. The Reformed Church in Canton was retarded at least a quarter of a century by an early lack of prophetic vision in choosing a site for its first English congregation.

Such a costly error is by no means confined to one town or one city but it is a very common one in our denomination. Those familiar with physical conditions are in a position to lament with us the unfortunate location of our churches in some communities. A Winkel-Kirche, an out-of-the-way church, is a proper characterization of us in many places, and this is greatly to our disadvantage. The policy of a little more money for location, though it mean primarily a little less for architecture, will justify itself in the long run. One rightly located, self-advertising church is better than two churches located in a corner.

By singular good fortune I was preceded in both my Akron and Canton ministries by the Rev. Edward Herbruck, a brother according to the flesh, a strong preacher and a faithful pastor. He had been to me a companion, a pattern and an inspiration and it was a distinct advantage to have him go before and enrich me, as he did, with the legacy of a good name and the manifest traces of lasting work well done. Others in the same line of succession had made their contribution to the forces at work in these churches and I acknowledge my great indebtedness to them.

Most helpful to me at Canton was the long min-

istry of my father, the Rev. Peter Herbruck, who for fifty-three years presided over the interests of the First Reformed Church, beginning his labors in 1832 and closing them in 1885. After his retirement from the ministry of the First church my work in Trinity began and under the divine guidance and blessing continued for thirty-three years, making a total of eighty-six years of continuous ministry of father and son. And if to this there be added the five years of my Emeritus relationship and the eight years of Rev. Edward Herbruck's service in Trinity *we have the aggregate result* of *ninety-nine years* of *Herbruck pastorship in Canton.* It is doubtful whether this record for longevity can be surpassed or even equalled in the history of American churches.

Despite the disadvantage of location heretofore alluded to our work in Canton proved prosperous and fruitful. The membership grew from one hundred and fifty to eighteen hundred and the congregation is now in the forefront of Reformed churches. My best and happiest years were spent in this ministry, and now that I am in involuntary retirement I find constant joy in the memories of this long pastorate and the multitude of kindnesses experienced at the hands of a generous and considerate people.

The first consistory of this thriving congregation was composed of but four men, elders Lewis Gibbs and Conrad Weimer, and deacons Samuel Fosnacht and Henry Reemsnyder. All are "sleeping in the dust and singing in the heavenly choir,"

the first named having been unfortunately lost to the church long before his death, by reason of the unfortunate location here referred to. Most conspicuous among Trinity's laymen in more recent years were Homer J. Miller, and W. F. Devert, one succeeding the other as elder and as superintendent of the Sunday School. These brethren have been fittingly memorialized by bronze tablets placed in the walls of the Sunday School room in which they officiated so long and so well. But apart from any material token they will always be fondly remembered by a host of loving fellow members who were associated with them in the work, the results of which will outlast the ages and survive the wrecks of time.

Having had a father whose life's work of more than a half century's duration was performed in one church and having been pastor for a third of a century in the congregation that grew out of that church it is but natural that I should have been often confronted by the query, "What about long pastorates? Is it expedient and advisable to remain for a lifetime in one church?" I have made no categorical answer to that question because an intelligent answer is dependent upon a knowledge of conditions in each case, and one of the determining conditions is the personality of the pastor. In the case of Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, or Richard S. Storrs, Theodore S. Cuyler and Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, an unhesitating affirmative can be given to the question. These men all were of magnetic presence and by nature as well as

Ministers of Trinity Reformed Church—
Rev. J. M. Kendig, 1881-1884
Rev. A. R. Kremer, 1884-1886
Rev. H. N. Kerst, 1918-

by grace qualified for prolonged pastoral leadership. They possessed to an unusual degree the power of keeping fresh mentally and the ability to know and direct human nature. They were men of genius, five-talent men, who by virtue of their natural endowment could preach to the same congregation for a half century without running stale. But lamentably the great majority of us are not of that high class. We take our rank with men of two talents only. And this makes the merit of a long pastorate somewhat questionable with much weighing against it.

Viewing it from the pastor's standpoint it is a delightful situation to be for decades the spiritual mentor as well as the friend of a body of congenial people, and to grow so deep into their home and heart life that any thought of separation becomes painful. Yet pleasant as it is, a long pastorate if conscientiously sustained may work physical detriment to the incumbent. The effort to produce two or three new, instructive and up-to-the-minute sermons a week may result in nervous collapse and possibly in permanent physical disability. A two-talent man cannot do the work of a five-talent man without exceptional strain and exhaustion.

It is true as Joseph Parker once said to an American divine who visited him, "Your Henry Ward Beecher could have preached twice a day for ten years on the text, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' without repeating a sentence." Beecher could have preached on this or any other text interminably and without great effort.

He could have done this because he was the son of a father who dowered him with a colossal brain and because his mother was Roxana Foote, who gave him those large and salient eyes, that fertile imagination and that easy flow of speech that made preaching natural and without burden. But we are not all gifted as Beecher was. Ours is not the inborn power of keen penetration and of winged utterance. We are not Pegasus but only the plow-horse. As Sir Launcelot humbly puts it:

> "In me there dwells
> No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
> Of greatness to know well I am *not* great."

It is consummate folly for an ordinary pulpiteer to imagine that he can deliver a masterpiece at every service. As the number of sermons increases the quality naturally tends to decline.

The burden of a long pastorate lies largely in the effort to overcome this tendency. It may be done but it involves Herculean labor. There is a measurable substitute for genius, and that is hard work. Indeed there are those who hold that genius *is* hard work. Without assenting to this view it is divinely true that hard work is essential to success and that "drudgery lies on the road to genius."

It should be the aim of even the ordinary minister to do his best every time he faces an audience. Complacency is fatal to pulpit progress. Here, as in every calling, there should be an earnest endeavor always to surpass one's previous best. There is an almost unfailing recipe for success. It is *sweating blood.* Dante put the same thought otherwise more

Successive Superintendents of Trinity Reformed Sunday School, under the pastorate of E. P. Herbruck

Homer J. Miller

W. F. Devert

O. L. Frederick

No picture of G. B. Krumlauf, the first superintendent, is available

than six hundred years ago, "Work as nature works, in fire." If you do not sweat and burn as you work, nothing will come of your effort.

One thing all young ministers should write on their tablets: "Nothing worth while is easy, and he who is taking it easy is doing nothing worthwhile." This endless strain may in due course work disaster to the nerves. To prevent it an occasional change of pastorate, perhaps three or four in a life-time, would be advisable. This would interrupt for a season the race which the ambitious minister runs with himself and give him a fresh start before another audience. Regardless then of "the strong pull from in front" or "the gentle push from behind" an occasional change would seem to be conducive to ministerial health and efficiency.

XXIV.

GLIMPSES OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

It is not my purpose to perform a work of supererogation by writing another Life of McKinley, but to set down some personal impressions received as friend and neighbor, and to narrate a few incidents in his career that may have escaped the notice of his biographers.

My acquaintance with the great president dates back to the early seventies when he first made his appearance in Canton. For many years I resided within a few steps of the McKinley homestead and had almost daily glimpses of its distinguished occupant. By constant observation, as well as through the medium of those in closest touch with him, I have been able to secure a rather adequate knowledge of his life and character.

A friend of mine once put this question to Mother McKinley, "Was there anything unusual in your son, anything that distinguished him from other boys of his age?" She answered, "He was just like other boys, except that he was of a more serious turn of mind. He seemed to lack a sense of humor. He loved the games and sports of boyhood, indulged freely in athletics, but never cared for hunting or fishing. This was due to the fact that he did not like to inflict pain, not even on an animal creature."

From this it will be seen that there were present already in his boyhood some of the qualities that later became so distinctly characteristic of him. His reputation of gravity came honestly to him because of his serious nature manifested in early childhood, and his unwillingness to inflict pain, referred to by his mother, developed into that tenderness, that extreme thoughtfulness of others, we so much admired in him.

Illustrative of the latter trait is an incident not heretofore published, but well worthy of being preserved. It happened in his earlier years when he was a candidate for congress in the eighteenth district. During his campaign in and around Canton he was followed by a reporter for an opposition paper, who regularly wrote him *up* or, perhaps it had better be said, wrote him *down,* in the next day's issue. The reported suffered from tuberculosis, but his affliction did not seem to temper the acidity of his daily screed, which remained uniformly bitter and culumniating.

The candidate was booked for a speech one evening in a nearby town and on account of the damp atmosphere had hired a coach to convey him to the place of meeting. Before proceeding far on the journey he heard a cough, which sounded very like that of the tubercular and exasperating reporter. Looking through the window he saw the self-same fellow sitting on the box of the coach by the side of the driver. He had made use of his friendship with the callow charioteer to secure a

"box seat" on the conveyance that McKinley himself was paying for.

It was a strong exhibition of reportorial impertinence and would have agitated almost anyone whose gall ducts were functioning normally. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men in McKinley's stead would have opened the door of the coach and commanded the impudent scribe to come down from his lofty and audacious perch. Not so McKinley. He gently opened the door and said, "My poor fellow, it's too cold for you up there; come and take a seat with me inside." The invitation was accepted and the two rode in congenial fellowship to the place of the meeting. Naturally the reporter had to perform his duty the next day but there was considerably less of wormwood and detraction in his stories from that time on.

For the average human being this would have been an unusual act; for McKinley it was the usual and the natural. The same magnanimity characterized him all through life and manifested itself conspicuously even in death. Just after the tragedy at Buffalo, when men were about to lay violent hands on the base assassin, the martyr calmly and tenderly said, "Don't *hurt* him, boys; don't *hurt* him." This was the full flower of what appeared in embryo in his hoyhood, when he refrained from hunting and fishing because *he did not like to inflict pain.* One of the high requirements of Christ's Sermon on the Mount is love to one's enemies, and perhaps no erring mortal has ever fully kept it.

McKinley, however, was one of the few who have come very near achieving the impossible.

When the civil war broke out McKinley enlisted in the thirty-third regiment of Ohio Volunteers. Though averse to the business of causing pain and shedding blood methodically, his patriotism and love for the Northern cause overbore his natural inclination and he took his place under the Union colors. He received his baptism of fire at South Mountain and shortly afterwards he participated in the bloody battle of Antietam near Frederick, Maryland. The young Ohioan here distinguished himself by several conspicuous acts of physical bravery.

At a certain stage in the battle it became necessary to send a message to a battalion that, through some error, had been left behind, ordering them to advance. This battalion could not be reached except by passing over a mile of territory exposed to the full sweep of the enemy's fire. McKinley volunteered to carry the message, and mounting a horse, rode through the jaws of death to the tardy battalion and returned again in safety.

Rutherford B. Hayes, Commander of McKinley's regiment, said to him, "Mac, when you left I never expected to see you return again. That was an act of rare courage." The young sergeant's modest and laconic reply was, "Only a soldier's duty." While reluctant to hurt anyone else he was absolutely fearless himself. As a soldier he received deserved promotion from the rank of a private to first lieutenant, then to captain and finally to major,

by which latter title he was popularly known even to the end of life.

It was his lot to be president at the time the Spanish-American crisis arose. There was a popular clamor for war, which he resisted as long as it could possibly be done. The ostensible reason for the delay was the fact that we were not prepared for war. And this was no doubt true, but we suspect that the disposition of the man also had much to do with his effort at postponement. He who disliked to hurt a fish or a squirrel, naturally had no appetite for shedding human blood.

I cannot refrain from drawing a contrast between this young Ohio officer in the army of the North and Thomas Jefferson, the brilliant young Virginian of Revolutionary fame. As is well known Jefferson was hot for independence and it was he who penned that memorable instrument of the Declaration, which precipitated the armed conflict between England and the Colonies. But what was Jefferson's attitude when the conflict actually came?

We find Washington at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777-78, the darkest days in the history of the Revolutionary cause. He was in command of an army of nondescripts, barefooted, ragged and starving. The cause of the Colonists seemed hopeless and its advocates were in despair. Where was Jefferson at this time? Washington, writing to a friend, asks that question — "Where is Jefferson in the hour of our direst need?" And if the officers were uttering such interrogatory reproach, you may be sure the men were doing the same thing.

Where indeed was Jefferson? He was in his comfortable home at Monticello. (Vide Beveridge's Life of John Marshall, Volume One, Page 127.)

It may be that the business of war was repulsive to him, but why should he have precipitated war if he did not want to face the consequences? It is likely that many other patriots had the same aversion to the work of destroying human life, but they suppressed that feeling and went to the front. Jefferson, however, kept aloof and would not even go to Congress, where he might have been influential in enacting helpful legislation, for the one thing needed at that time was unified Federal sentiment and concentrated Federal control.

Jefferson had said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." Possibly this is true, but it is true also that Jefferson personally was unwilling to furnish any of the manure. His admirers will have an uncomfortable time in trying to reconcile his course with their hitherto exalted conception of the Revolutionary patriot. Truly in this respect the author of the Declaration bears unfavorable comparison with our own McKinley.

The war over, McKinley studied law and subsequently came to Canton for the practice of his profession. Strikingly handsome and of clean cut moral character, he soon established himself in the good graces of Cantonians.

It is a well known story that he fell in love with

Ida Saxton, daughter of James Saxton, a most charming young lady, and a real American beauty. Miss Ida, while in her teens, occasionally appeared at the manse to spend a social afternoon with the writer's sister, Amelia, and it was thus that he got his first glimpses of the fascinating maiden who later became Mrs. McKinley and mistress of the White House. The marriage took place with fitting ceremony, and a happier couple never plighted their troth.

The young lawyer entered politics and rapidly came to the front. He was honored by being made in turn prosecuting attorney, congressman, governor of Ohio, and finally president. Through all this swift preferment the early marital happiness remained in full flame. With them it was love at first sight and uninterrupted love to the end. Their mutual constancy was all the more noteworthy when we remember the tragic affliction which befell them, an affliction of which we always speak in subdued tones.

Heaven had blessed the couple with two children, as bright and beautiful little children as ever graced a home. But again Heaven sent an angel to bear them both away. Great as was the joy at their coming, greater was the sorrow at their departure. Mrs. McKinley could not endure the shock of the bereavement. It disturbed her mental poise and she never again regained it. Forever after she was an invalid in mind and body, much more infirm in mind than the general public suspected. There could be but little intellectual reciprocity between husband and

wife. Yet in spite of this marked disparity the old affection continued. The couple remained lovers. The tenderness and solicitude manifested by the husband was most touching and very extraordinary. It deserves to be and will be celebrated as one of the most conspicuous examples of marital fidelity in all history.

As the affectionate and devoted husband, William McKinley shines in comparison with many of the eminent men of his time and of all times. The contrast is manifest and impressive. No microscopic search is required to reveal it. One need only think of the many "royal romances," the numerous "loves and intrigues" among the nobility of every land. A glimpse at the lives of the poets would also be illuminating in this respect. Love seems to make fools of the cleverest and most gifted of men; likewise the lack of love. Think of the great composers and their marital escapades — Hayden and his Zantippe, whom he affectionately called a "bestia infernale" and at whom he threw dishes and other household utensils; Chopin and his pathetic experience with George Sand, the literary woman with the masculine pseudonym; Franz Liszt and his irregular connection with the Countess D'Agault and many others; Beethoven and his "petticoat peccadillos"; Wagner and his beloved Cosima, who after his death had the privilege of reading a package of love-letters he had secretly written to another woman. And so on down the long unhonored list. Many of our greatest men of genius have

lived but a little above the level of barnyard fowls in the matter of their affections and marital relations.

In comparison with all these William McKinley forms a striking contrast as husband and constant lover, resisting all the social temptations that beset men in public life, and making himself an example of conjugal fidelity and of the homely Christian virtues. His Canton friends especially know how to appreciate the high moral tone of his domestic career and will ever honor him because of it.

Along with McKinley's devotion to his wife should be mentioned his love for the common people, his broad, democratic spirit and the ease with which he mingled with the public of all ranks. This trait of his character was particularly agreeable to his neighbors and townspeople. He made them feel that he was one of them and that he had a deep concern for all of their interests. It was a common thing to see him standing on a street corner conversing familiarly with a farmer in blouse or with a working man in overalls, to hear him call his comrades by their first name and graciously greet the humblest citizen, white or black, by removing his hat.

Even the children did not escape his benign attention. In his daily drives through the city in company with his wife, he seemed to take special delight in recognizing the boys and girls. Many a time the children of the manse, returning from school, rushed up to their parents with the gleeful

exclamation, "We passed President McKinley on the street and he smilingly tipped his hat to us."

On several occasions the great commoner said to the humble writer of these lines, "Why don't you come around to see us. We would surely appreciate your presence at 723 North Market." There could have been no better evidence of his genuine democracy than the friendly condescension involved in this cordial invitation to one of the most modest of neighbors.

Even when he was at the height of his popularity, when men greeted him everywhere with loud acclaim and when hosts of fawning self-seekers crowded his home, he had time to be courteous to the lowliest plebian. No amount of flattery from aristocratic admirers ever turned his head. This cannot be said of all statesmen, much less of all rulers. I recall what Benjamin Disraeli once said to his friend, Matthew Arnold, "You have heard me called a flatterer and it is true. Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to royalty and nobility you should lay it on with a trowel." It is needless to say that he practiced what he preached. His adulation of the good Queen Victoria was incessant. He applied it in the very thickest slabs and with appreciable effect. There is no telling how far his influence might have gone had there not been a political upheaval which removed him from office and placed Gladstone in his stead. The queen was not so responsive to Gladstone, probably because he did not use the trowel. Many a statesman has been spoiled by flummery and honeyed words, but McKin-

ley, though surrounded by aristocratic followers burning incense, proved impervious to that sort of influence, and remained constant in his devotion to the common people.

I would be guilty of a grave omission did I not make at least passing allusion to McKinley's religious life. It is well known that he was a Methodist, having been converted at an early age under the ministry of the Rev. A. D. Morton, at Poland, Ohio. Coming to Canton he naturally identified himself with the First Methodist Church, and just as naturally was drafted into service, first as Sunday-school teacher and later as superintendent. The Young Men's Christian Association also honored him and themselves by making him president. These offices he was, of course, compelled to relinquish when the call to public life took him out of the city, though he remained a trustee of the church until the day of his death. He knew his Bible thoroughly and had the habit of daily devotions. We learn from one of his very intimate friends that he never retired at night without reading a passage from the Scriptures and bowing at his bedside in prayer.

Though an ardent churchman McKinley never allowed his religion to be capitalized in favor of his political aspirations; neither did he allow his political aspirations to warp his religious convictions or to swerve him from his religious habits. In confirmation of this I cite an incident which happened during his famous "front porch" campaign in 1896.

A delegation of a hundred first voters from Detroit arrived in the city on a Sunday morning. They

brought with them the customary brass band and flaming banners, and sent a messenger from the station to the McKinley home requesting the privilege of a reception and greeting. The president replied that he could not receive them as he would have no political parade disturb the quiet of the Sabbath. He remarked also that he was going to worship at the First Methodist church at ten-thirty, and suggested that the young men attend the service and worship with him. It was agreed to and accordingly front seats were reserved for the delegation, who instead of marching through the town with noisy fanfaronade went quietly to the church. It was doubtless an unusual and wholesome experience for many of them, all the more so since they joined in worship with their presidential candidate and distinguished standardbearer.

One of the sorrowful experiences of McKinley's first presidential term was the death of his mother, from whom he doubtless received his deep religious nature and many other of the qualities that helped to make him truly great.

As is well known, it was early in the second term that the assassin's bullet laid him low. The grief that hung over the country like a dense pall was particularly heavy over Canton. His body was brought back to his old home and lay in state in the Court House rotunda, where for a day and a half a continuous procession of tearful admirers filed past his bier. The funeral was held in the First Methodist church with his pastor and old army comrade, Dr. C. E. Manchester, in charge. The greatest con-

course of people in its history crowded Canton's gates and a large company of distinguished statesmen came to do reverence at his funeral. It was the highest distinction of my life to participate in the solemn rites of the dead by reading the Scripture at the Church. The day was one of personal sadness and one that shall forever stand out in my memory of the great and good president.

XXV.

REVERENT MUSINGS AT MEYRS LAKE.

Within a short distance of Canton is a beautiful little inland lake. Its natural setting is not as romantic as that of the Irish Lakes of Killarney or the enchanting Italian Lakes with the picturesque, villa-clad Alps rising above them. A fringe of forest partly surrounds it, and in the open spaces the grassy hills of a quiet, pastoral landscape slope gently down to its silvery waters. It is less than a mile from our suburban home, and bears the prosaic name of Meyers. This name it got from a noted pioneer settler who in early days owned the lake and hundreds of acres of virgin soil surrounding it. The man had been sea-going and, as reputed, had made a vast fortune in maritime adventures. Some of this treasure, the early villagers believed, was buried somewhere along the shores of the lake and the restless spirit of the owner kept vigil over it and haunted the woods round about.

Some weird, fantastic stories were told of the doings of this nautical ghost, and in the earlier days, on account of the credulity then prevailing, nearly everybody was influenced by them. Even some of the more enlightened citizens did not escape the touch of this delusion.

There is an incident in the life of my father revealing the prevalence of this ghostly creed about

Meyers Lake. Accompanied by my mother with little child in arms, he was one day driving homeward over the Fulton Road which led for more than a mile through the dense and haunted woods. Suddenly the horse became frightened and started to run at a terrific speed. Reaching the foot of "the long hill" the carriage overturned with serious injury to the child. The horse had always been very docile and none of the occupants of the carriage could see any cause for the fright. The matter was much discussed and there were those who volunteered an explanation that instantly became popular. They asserted with knowing look that the horse had *seen something* which human eyes could not see, that a spectre, invisible to the occupants of the vehicle, had flashed himself into the animal's presence with the disastrous result alluded to.

The explanation sounded plausible to my immature mind, for I too was tainted with the doctrine of spooks, but looking at it from the standpoint of intellectual maturity it seems superlatively foolish. There is no scientific authority for believing that horses can discern things that man cannot. There would be some show of reason for attributing such power to cats, for some psychical experts credit them with so-called *astral vision* and contend that they are able to see that which is beyond the sight of humans. Such claim, however, has never been seriously made for the horse. We attribute to him no unusual power of vision, no ability to see phantasmal forms which men do not. We credit him only with good judgment —"*horse sense,*" and

this militates against the theory of a spectral cause for the run-away.

The dominie's horse, doubtless, saw something which he himself did not see, perhaps a piece of paper lifted menacingly up by the wind, or possibly a squirrel darting suddenly across the road. But as to the ghost of Meyers Woods there was absolutely no reason for involving him in the matter. Yet many of those who heard the story of the accident accepted the spookish explanation. *But that was long ago.*

Since then all ghosts have vanished from the woods, greatly to our comfort and advantage. But alas, the elves and fairies are gone, also, those airy, winsome creatures that do not terrify but only smile and bless. And with them has gone much of the poetic charm of the woods and the water. But I must needs beg pardon for this digressive prosing.

My first acquaintance with the lake was in the early sixties. It was at that time quite sequestered and but few people took the special pains required to see it. There was but one way of approach, and that was over the Fulton road and thence by way of a narrow drive through the thickly shaded forest to the north shore, where the Lakeside Country Club House now stands. A frail wooden shack then occupied this point and was the only human habitation in sight. Across the lake to the east was the modest promontory known as Dead Man's Point and at the extreme south end, running through the sedgey lowland, was the swift-flowing outlet, which finds its winding way into the West Creek.

It was a quiet and fascinating place, quite secure against intrusion. For me there is a wealth of pleasant memories clustering around it, for many a happy day did I spend there in company with a few choice friends of youth and young manhood.

Recently I decided to go once more to this romantic spot and revive old memories. It is now an amusement resort with all the strident jazz and startling thrills such a place carries with it. Happily it has been to the financial interest of the corporation that owns the lake to retain a little of its natural beauty by preserving a fringe of forest on the north and east sides. And so for many years the dogwoods have been still permitted to "fling their ghostly streaks of white among the gray barks" announcing the coming of the spring-time, while the water docks have beckoned the forest leaves to a rich carnival of color in the autumn.

To this gray little lake, in its emerald setting, I went just to enjoy a short hour of isolation on its lapping waves. Taking a boat I rowed into a secluded nook just beyond the foot bridge and among the waterlilies, and really succeeded in getting away for a time from everyone but myself. And alone in the boat, after fifty years of intimacy with the lake I fell into a spell of reverie and reflection.

It was such a lake as this, only a little larger, that has formed the setting of the sweetest story ever told to men, the story of the Nazarene Carpenter who thereabout followed his occupation for thirty years and then for three years more went back and forth along the lake with a message of

love—seldom visiting the cities. I remembered that he had been especially fond of out-of-town places and that this little water so rural, so sequestered, so loved by the common people, had laid a sweet spell upon him, and that on its tiny strand this humble yet mighty personality uttered his word to erring and sorrowing human kind.

Very like this illustrious prophet in this respect was the poet Wordsworth, who spent his life in the Lake District of England, revelling in its natural beauties and mingling with its humble dalesmen. Only once or twice did he venture out into the great world and in the haunts of men "hear the low, sad murmur of humanity," but he soon hastened back into his northern paradise, where amid the tarns and fells, the laughing lakes and verdured mountains he heard the voice of God as few men have ever heard it, and caught up the music of nature in song that has become immortal.

With equal truthfulness it can be said that the life of the Carpenter's Son around the quiet shores of Galilee has influenced men as no other life ever has, and his words spoken there to peasants and humble fisher folk have reverberated through the centuries, touching the world into beauty and conveying its only hope and solace to a sinning race.

So that today there is not a place on the face of the earth which does not owe its enlightened sentiment, its material and spiritual comforts to the teachings of that humble man who trod the shores of the little Galilean lake two thousand years ago.

This is the supreme miracle of the centuries and

no skeptic's sophistry can destroy it. Highly absurd are the efforts of certain theologians of the rationalistic school who try to account for the influence of Christianity on the thought and life of the world by the commanding culture of the Galilean and his fishermen followers.

Christ indeed dwelt on the shores of Galilee, they say, but he was not in modest circumstances, he lived in a comfortable villa there, and his apostles were grouped in cozy cottages around him. They were fishermen but not by occupation. Their fishing was done largely as pastime. They were a coterie of congenial, well-to-do and cultured men who influenced the world somewhat after the manner of the English Lake poets. The thing is not so miraculous after all, it is perfectly natural, say these ingenuous theologians.

Yet how utterly vapid is this explanation in view of the known facts about Christ, who "had no place where to lay his head," and his followers who were "unlearned and ignorant men." This Lake Prophet had no culture, he never attended the schools and seldom came in contact with the intellectuals of his time. When, on one occcasion, he went back to his kinsmen at Nazareth they were astonished at his teaching and said, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Whence hath this man this wisdom?" Whence indeed? This is the mystery and the miracle of the ages. This humble prophet, without learning or power or prestige, has transformed the world, and his words spoken so long ago have filled with music the atmosphere of the past nine-

teen centuries. In spite of all mental thimble-rigging and captious reasoning the miracle of the Galilean's unique and world-renewing influence remains. Gone are the trees that once adorned the shores of that tiny blue water; gone the towns and villages once reflected in it; gone the fishermen who were enthralled by the magic voice of the Carpenter-Pedagogue, but forever present His luminous words and His omnipotent spirit. We accept his verities and acclaim him the Divine Son of God.

Singularly too, that far off Galilean lake had its ghost story, and that story thrusts itself unbidden into my phantom-winged reverie. It is well known to all Christians for it has been thought worthy of a place in the Sacred Book, and has been deftly used by the gifted Boreham in one of his poetic and fascinating essays. I therefore give it without doubt as to authenticity. The disciples of the Great Prophet had passed through an exciting and nerve-shattering day. They were bewildered, for they had been seeing things which completely flurried their untutored minds and set their nerves on edge. And now they were crossing the lake in the darkness, homeward bound. Their condition was such that they could be easily frightened and would be disposed to attach supernatural significance to any unusual sight or sound. Suddenly, as they peered through the mist of breaking day, they saw a form quietly moving over the waters of the lake. *"They thought it was a ghost, and shrieked aloud, for they all saw it and were terrified."*

"Then at once He spoke to them saying, 'It is I;

be not afraid,' and He got into the boat beside them and the wind dropped."

A ghost story indeed, but it had its explanation as all such stories have. There was a factor in it perfectly natural, but escaping the comprehension of the simple-minded fishermen at the time. They recognized it later and must have been amused at their mistake. There is not a story of spectre or apparition that could not be likewise explained away if all the natural elements entering into it were fully known. The spook delusion still stubbornly lingers in various forms and among all ranks of men, but is destined eventually to be cleared up as was the walking spectre on the sea of Galilee.

One day this Prophet of the lakes began to talk to his disciples about the Life Eternal and from that time on his words throbbed with the "Gospel that brought life and immortality to light." And accordingly, rocked in the cradle of this little inland sea, curious questions "like white-winged gulls" come flocking about me. Thrusting itself conspicuously upon my mind is the query about the far side of the grave. All the great prophets of the Orient have spoken on this theme, and I remember that they all asserted continued consciousness after death. Not only the divine Teacher on the white-pebbled Galilean Shore but all of the great religious leaders of the past have taught the doctrine of the future life. Out of the Sacred Writings of the Hindoos, out of the Koran of Mohammed, out of the Egyptian Book of the Dead there comes the strong note of immortality. But, crashing through this an-

cient creed, there comes also the positive declaration of the first scholar and profoundest philosopher of the last century that the idea of a future existence is without rational foundation, that death is only a blank wall and that all human aspirations must inevitably culminate in a grave-yard. And in line with this affirmation of Spencer is the opinion of a limited number of agnostics who, if questioned about the future state, would invariably answer with emphasis, "I do not know."

Conceding the erudition of certain of the agnostics, it is nevertheless true that their following is limited. Regardless of their reasoning the instinct of immortality seems to be deeply planted in the human bosom. In all ages men have cherished the idea that the soul does not die, and the iconoclastic argument of the infidel receives but little recognition. For every Omar Khayam and Robert Ingersol there are a hundred St. Augustines and Cardinal Newmans. Offsetting the voice of the skeptic is the positive belief of many of our great philosophers and nearly all of our great poets.

Two voices especially are heard sounding out of the chorus of our twentieth century poetry, one of them that of England's great Laureate and the other that of the sweet-spirited Laureate of *New England* — both lovers of nature as was the out-of-door Prophet of the Galilean Lake.

Enshrouded for a time in deepest shadow on account of the sudden death of his beloved and gifted young friend, Arthur Hallam, Tennyson meditated much on the life beyond the curtain of death, the

fountains of his soul's deep were opened and under the stress of the emotion he produced his "In Memoriam," perhaps the most gratifying utterance on immortality since the Apocalypse of St. John.

By a similar experience, the death of his sister, Whittier was induced to sing consolingly to all bereaved hearts,

> "Alas, for him who never sees
> The stars shine through the cypress trees!
> Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
> Nor looks to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marble play!
> Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
> The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
> That life is ever lord of Death
> And love can never lose its own."

By a singular Providence both of these poets of the future life passed away at about the same time and as kindred spirits left behind immortal verses that will forever fall like soothing music on the ears of those who sit in the shadows lamenting their beloved dead. Yet in spite of the songs of the laureates, in spite of Schiller's exquisite verses, in spite of the Koran with its luring pictures of the hereafter or even in spite of the stately Revelations that close the Book of Books, there are doubtless those who wish that some traveler would re-cross the bourne and tell them all about it, not some Buddha or Mohammed or Joseph Smith, but some loved one gone before. Personally I do not crave such information. I do not care for any illumination of the question after the spookish manner of Moses Hull, Jung-Stilling or even Sir Oliver Lodge. I have no inter-

est in solving the problem of future existence according to the hard and fast rules of evidence for which philosophers profess so deep a reverence. I have adequate evidence of a different kind. I am convinced and satisfied by the voice of my own heart which is the voice of love.

Yet sitting in this boat and facing these green shores I must be permitted to wonder, "Have those faces and forms in whose companionship I have passed so many happy hours in the shade of yonder trees vanished from my sight forever? Will I never again hear the merry voices which resounded over the gray waters of this lake in the long ago?" The great majority of human kind would answer, Yes. But a few would probably meet me with a chill and desolate, No.

That early company of lake-lovers has been scattered far and wide. Varied experiences have been meted out to them by the goddess of Fortune. One has gone down fighting the "blue flame of alcohol," two have become ministers of the Gospel and are following the great Prophet of the Lake. Some have prospered and become influential men of affairs, some have removed to distant places, but the great majority have passed into the immortal. In the language of the old song

"They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away.
Some have gone to lands far distant
And with strangers made their home;
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam.

Some have gone from us forever,
Longer here they dared not stay,
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away."

Yesterday I met one of the old time company very near three score and ten, with thin voice, furrowed face and tottering step. He spoke fondly of the happy hours spent on and around the little lake. It revived my early aquatic instinct, and that is why I am dreaming in this boat just now.

"There are still some few remaining
Who remind us of the past,
But they change as all things change here,
Nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on and pass forever,
What is coming who can say?
Ere this closes many may be
Far away, far away."

XXVI.

AN ELYSIUM AND A DISENCHANTMENT.

The most romantic scenes of my boyhood were those connected with Nimishillen Creek, a modest stream which purled through verdured fields a half mile east of the town. There I spent many happy hours in company with brothers and playmates, lolling and musing, fishing and swimming. There was my childhood's elysium, into which I hastened, often with parental approval, sometimes without it.

Extensive "hunting grounds" lay just beyond the creek, large forests abounding in game of every description, but as such these had no charm for me. This was probably due to my woeful lack of marksmanship. I was not born of the tribe of Nimrod, and could not have "hit a flock of hay stacks with a blunderbus." Once after I had returned from a day's hunt with empty bag the dominie smilingly remarked, "Son, you're a merciful fowler; your kindness in sparing innocent animal life is much to be commended." "This was spoke sarkastik," as Josh Billings would say. I accepted the double-edged compliment as gracefully as possible, but gradually lost all interest in the chase.

As to the sport of fishing, that was a different matter. I had occasional gratifying success in piscatorial pursuits. Though it was my lot at times to be among the Ce-No-Bites (a religious sect), I still

possessed a modicum of skill in the art of angling. At least there seemed to be a goodly number of fish in Nimishillen waters gullible enough to be deceived by my camouflage and to take my bait with hook included. The haunts of suckers, bass, bluegills and all the other members of the finny tribe were well known to me, and were often visited with rod and line much to my advantage.

Crossing the creek at Tuscarawas Road was an old covered bridge. It was of the kind of structure familiar to our fathers and that may still be seen in out of the way places. This one had its special charm for me, a charm tinged with the rose-and-gold of childhood's days. On many a summer afternoon I loitered around and under it, dreaming a boy's day dreams, watching the fish play in the lazy waters at my feet and listening to the chirp of birds in the branches of an old elm near by. There was no particular grace about its form and shape, and just why it was built so large and for what reason it was covered I could never divine. Yet it seemed to fit the place and served as a suitable staccato to the romantic surroundings. Seeing it at a distance everything else at once became properly allocated. Hearing some sound like a distant roll of thunder or the noise of a galloping cavalcade, I was not deceived. It was only the rumble of a farm wagon over the shaky plank floor of the old wooden bridge.

The motive of the pioneers in rearing this structure was strictly utilitarian. Stern necessity demanded it, but without their knowledge or intent it acquired a sentimental value also. Shadowy and a

trifle awesome, it threw a spell over my boyish fancy and enabled eye and heart to find focus for the pretty picture on this side or on that.

A short distance south of the bridge stood an old red mill, the kind that poets love to describe and artists to portray. It was quaint and to my childish imagination had an air of mystery about it. Looking at the quiet waters of the head race as they flowed under the building on one side and then seeing the wild rushing torrent emerge on the other, I wondered what strange aquatic gyrations took place within its walls. Once, while in the mill on useful errand, the miller afforded me a thrilling sensation by opening a certain door and giving me a glimpse of a ponderous wooden wheel revolving slowly under the stress of the pent up flood that poured madly down upon it. The dark damp cavern with the big wheel and the plunging torrent quite overawed me and I did not tarry long at the open door. Altogether the old mill had a fascinating and imposing interest to the lads who often loitered around but seldom entered it.

A short distance north of the wooden bridge was the Rowland dam, and a few rods back of the dam on a willow-lined bend in the creek was a sequestered nook more frequently visited by me than any other connected with the tortuous Nimishillen. It was the "old swimming hole." A few survivors of the early days remember with me that interesting sport. On almost every summer afternoon or evening a company of youth automatically appeared in that shady retreat for an hour of amusement in

the water. It was keen sport, as every live boy knows, partly psychological and partly physical. The conquest of an element that was denied us, propelling the body backward or forward, over or under the water, gave us a sense of achievement that was refreshing. Most of the pleasure however was physical, for there was rare enjoyment in lolling in the water on a warm summer day when all the rest of creation, human and animal, was sweltering in the heat and panting for breath. This exhilirating exercise along with the amusing antics of the boys served to draw us irresistibly to the spot.

One of our popular poets with real boyish instincts and fine descriptive powers has experienced all this and I now cheerfully yield the pen to him.

"There in leafy coverts, nude
Little bodies poise and leap,
Spattering the solitude
And the silence everywhere—
Mimic monsters of the deep!
Wallowing in sandy shoals—
Plunging headlong out of sight;
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clutching hands and slippery soles,
Climbing up the treacherous steep
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns.
Oh, the glorious carnival!
Purple lips and chattering teeth—
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,
Every care beyond recall,
Every task forgotten quite—
And again, in dreams at night,
Dropping, drifting through it all!"

About a half mile south of the covered bridge and just west of the old mill lay a long stretch of marshy lowland. This bog was interspersed with clusters of bushes and an occasional stripling tree. Along the edge of it murmured a streamlet which had its source in some nearby springs and emptied itself into the creek a little farther south. The bank of this streamlet was the scene of a sensational event which explains this allusion to it and which I shall proceed to narrate.

I was six years old and according to the vogue of the times belonged to a military company recruited in the vicinity. This juvenile organization was equipped with tin swords and wooden guns, a flag, a drum, a commissary wagon and other accoutrements of mimic warfare. It was early summer and we fixed on a time to go into camp on the shore of Victor Swamp. At nine o'clock of the fateful day our company—twelve as undaunted soldiers as ever carried a wooden gun — marched proudly and valiantly out East Tuscarawas street, turning to the right at Preyer's Lane, and following this narrow way through fields of fragrant clover, past the little brick cottage of farmer Black to the scene of the encampment. Tents were speedily pitched at a strategic point and everything else arranged according to military regulation. We were soldiers bold and feared not the face of any foe.

At the noon hour the pleasing aroma of bacon and baked potatoes whetted our appetites and we were waiting with eager expectation for the call to mess, when suddenly a sharp report, as that of a

gun, startled the company. Looking out into the swamp a distance of a hundred feet or more we saw protruding above a clump of bushes two black slouch hats and the polished muzzle of a gun, a real, simon-pure death dealing fire-arm. It was a portentous situation. As by instinct we all concluded that under the hats and back of the gun were two robbers, two veritable bandits, bold, bad men on mischief bent.

In a trice the tents were torn down, the accoutrements snatched from the ground and we were off on a hasty retreat, up the lane through which we had so valiantly marched a couple of hours before. Our retreat eventuated in an abject military *debacle.* Reaching East Tuscarawas street the disorganized company halted for a conference, during which it gradually and cruelly dawned upon us that we were the victims of a practical joke.

The fierce robbers turned out to be an elder brother and a companion. This brother is well known to many who read these lines, for he afterwards developed into a minister, a religious editor and finally a professor of Church History. I am sure that nothing in all his distinguished career has shed greater lustre upon him than the shot he fired at Victor Swamp, the shot that caused the inglorious retreat of the East End volunteers. There is more that might be said about this striking military episode but, in the language of Hamlet, "The rest is silence."

Such were some of the scenes and events of my boyhood. Sitting in my easy chair I spend many

precious hours rambling through these old familiar haunts and living over again these boyhood experiences in the glimmering haze of the years long past. I have had just such "A Vision of Summer" in the long ago as James Whitcomb Riley enchantingly describes.

"The air and the sun and the shadows
Were wedded and made as one;
And the winds ran over the meadows
As little children run.

And the winds poured over the meadows
And along the willowy way
The river ran, with its ripples shod
With the sunshine of the day.

O the winds flowed over the meadows
In a tide of eddies and calms,
And the bared brow felt the touch of it
As a sweetheart's tender palms.

And the lark went palpitating
Up through the glorious skies,
His song spilled down from the blue profound
As a song from Paradise.

And here was the loitering current—
Stayed by a drift of sedge
And sodden logs—scummed thick with the gold
Of the pollen from edge to edge.

The catbird piped in the hazel,
And the harsh kingfisher screamed;
And the crane, in amber and oozy swirls
Dozed in the reeds and dreamed.

And in through the tumbled driftage
And the tangled roots below,
The waters warbled and gurgled and lisped
Like the lips of long ago.

And the senses caught, through the music,
Twinkles of dabbling feet,
And glimpses of faces in coverts green,
And voices faint and sweet.

And back from the lands enchanted,
Where my earliest mirth was born,
The trill of a laugh was blown to me
Like the blare of an elfin horn.

Again I romped through the clover;
And again I lay supine
On grassy swards, where the skies, like eyes,
Looked lovingly back to mine."

To dream of these scenes in my easy chair and saunter through them under the guidance of memory's magic wand is one thing, to walk through them in very person is another. The former is to be recommended, the latter is sure to be a disappointment. I speak of both from first hand knowledge. For in the very recent past I set out one morning for a little journey into boyhood land, in quest of youth and the scenes so familiar in the long ago. Surely it would be easy to find them and a pleasure to tarry among them.

A twenty minute walk from the public square brought me to the place where Victor Swamp once was and to the very spot on its shores, where the East End Militia lay encamped some sixty years ago. But the swamp had disappeared and on the site of the encampment stood a railroad roundhouse, begrimed with soot and wreathed in a cloud of smoke. Three or four Mogul engines, big, black, one-eyed iron monsters, stood in the cavernous openings puffing and panting with pent-up energy, and staring at

me with a cold Cyclopean mien. Fancy was paralyzed, and memory's idealistic pictures vanished in the fumes of the smoking engines. It was a rude and effectual disenchantment.

From the round house a brief step brought me to the site of the old red mill, but it too was gone. A vacant lot, encircled by several prosaic buildings, confronted me with a very inhospitable air, as if to say, "Well, what is it you are looking for *here?*"

A walk of a quarter of a mile northward, and I stood at East Tuscarawas street on the spot where the old covered bridge once stretched its ponderous frame across the Nimishillen. It also had vanished and another structure had taken its place — a solid affair of steel and concrete, adequate to any load of granite and minus all sound of rumbling under the constant traffic of a great thoroughfare. It was a more graceful thing to look at but so cold that sentiment shivered and imagination faltered.

There remained yet the "Old Swimming Hole" beyond the Rowland dam. I felt that surely this haunt of the olden days must still survive, that the fatal hand of modern progress could not have intruded there. Again my expectation was rudely thwarted. Every thing had disappeared, willows, thicket and hazel boughs. Even the bend in the creek had been eliminated by a concrete wall confining its waters to a rigidly limited channel. And what was worse, the clear crystal fluid we used to sport in had been so nastily polluted by the refuse of the mills that even a respectable fish would refuse to swim in it.

The morning's quest put a decided crimp in my day dream of a fortnight before and threw a blur on some of my fondest recollections. Everything appeared prosaic and coldly oblivious. Scientific progress had dislodged romance totally. It was a most unwelcome infringement, and yet I do not wish to seem ungenerous toward economic advancement. It must needs come, but the price we pay for it is the dreams of our childhood — a very heavy forfeiture to this intruding modernity. We would all be happier to leave our childhood undisturbed in Memoryland, where it is always twilight and where the golden haze of early romance is untouched by the rude hand of present day reality.

Trinity Reformed Church, erected 1912, under pastorate of E. P. Herbruck

XXVII.

THE ROSE-COVERED COTTAGE.

In the midst of the treadmill round of a long pastorate I have had days of mental depression, days when, like the prophet Jeremiah, I longed for release, when I wished that I could lay my burden of responsibility down and flee to some little country home, some lodging place in the wilderness, where, for a while at least, I might be at rest. It is probable that every minister has had at times just a little of this mood of the emotional prophet and has felt inclined to run away from what seemed exceptionally hard conditions, from an eternal and monotonous round of pastoral duty. And he has found relief from this passing melancholy by indulging in the day-dreams of a more propitious future.

Somewhere in the writings of the illustrious and now sainted Dr. Joseph Parker there is a passage in which he speaks of the stress and strain of his great work as pastor of the City Temple, London. He says, "Ah, when I am in the midst of it all, *what a help my rose-covered cottage is to me.*" That rose-covered cottage was the cottage of his dreams, the cottage in which he would after a while spend his days when the heat and burden of life were over. It had no existence except in his fancy. It was only a sort of a mental refuge for him when under the heavy pressure of duty. It never became a reality either, for he died in the harness, amid the rush and

roar of that great city, but he carried the thought of it in his heart, and it served to buoy him up in times of fatigue and discouragement.

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, in his popular lecture on "Great Men Whom I Have Met" has told us that without exception these men cherished this same dream and looked forward to the time when they would lay off responsibility and retire to some sunny little home in the suburbs or some cozy nest in the country. He enumerated many such men and among them one who for years had carried in his pocket a definite plan of a cottage and its grounds which he was sometime going to possess, and seemed to derive great pleasure from displaying and explaining it to his friends on various occasions. But then Conwell added, with a tinge of pathos, that neither this man nor any of the others ever realized their dream. They died at the post of duty and remained active to the last. It is a matter of record also that even the discouraged Jeremiah, when, a little later, he had opportunity to get away from his people, refused to go to that lodge in the wilderness but remained with his task to the end.

Though not a great man I am among those who in times past carried the rose-covered cottage in the heart, with this difference, however, that I took the added step of buying an acre of ground in a pleasant suburb and put the real cottage on it. For a number of years, while still pastor of a very large church, I occupied the cottage and found it the most endearing spot this side of paradise.

As a place of abode for a busy man an ample

cottage is ideal but as the goal and refuge of a man who wants nothing to do it is an hallucination. Happiness doesn't dwell in that sort of a cottage. It is not at home in listless seclusion. Happiness is a by-product of useful and benevolent activity, and the minister who thinks it will come only as he goes away from duty will find himself vastly disappointed. It is far better to carry a rose-covered cottage in the heart than to dwell in a real cottage with nothing definite to do. The happy minister is the man, who though he may at times long for rest, nevertheless remains active to the last, who, like Parker in London or Storrs in Brooklyn, is suddenly translated after half a century or more of service and without an intervening period of inactivity. But these things are not in the power of mortals to command. Some physical affliction or the infirmities of advancing years may weaken the minister's efficiency, and then if he is wise he will withdraw from the pulpit before the pulpit withdraws from him, and, without renouncing professional activity, will make as graceful a diminuendo as possible. Yet it is only when he is quite disabled that he is justified in taking his place on "the western piazza to await the ringing of the sunset bell."

Modified leisure for a man of modified strength is a desirable state. It is the *otium cum dignitate* which it is proper to crave for. But absolute leisure without definite duty is literally a delusion and a snare. The normal man who has always been active will likely be unhappy when activity ceases. But he will become aware of this fact only by experience.

In the meanwhile his fancy will be playing a trick on him with a *rose-covered cottage* or some other equally illusive thing. The reality will differ widely from his rainbow-tinted dream.

The gifted Charles Lamb will give sanction to this cautionary word. For many years he was in the employ of the East India Company as an accountant. Though treated with consideration by his superiors his work was drudgery to him. He fretted under it greatly and longed for release. At last it came. He was retired on pension. And that release was one of the principal events of his eventful life. He describes it in his essay "The Superannuated Man." In one of his letters also he expresses his exultation over it in these words, "I came home forever on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life to eternity." In due season however, he experienced a change of mind. He felt again the lure of active life. He found it hard to resist the force of long continued habit, and cautioned his friends against the delusion that happiness can be found in absolute leisure.

Cowper has defined the whole matter of retirement in this interesting way:

"Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humor and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined;
Some swayed by fashion, some by deep disgust;
Some self-impoverished and because they *must;*
But few that court retirement are aware
Of half the ills they must encounter there."

The Rose-covered Cottage, Canton, O.

By this same token there will be a disillusioning of some ministers and others in the immortal. The language of the old hymn,

> "Servant of God, well done!
> Rest from thy loved employ,"

will prove to be a fallacy when we reach heaven. We have no right to think of heaven as a place of leisure, an elysium of indolence, a paradise where saints and angels sit upon floating clouds and with golden harps do nothing but sing and sing and sing. There will, of course, be the element of worship in the other life but there will also be the element of service. We will be like the angels and the very name "angel" suggests ministry. We will be rendering some sort of service to God and for God. Somewhere in the great spirit realm there will be something for us to do. We may not now be able to conceive just what it is but surely God will not allow the vast treasury of intellect and heart power that has been developed here go to waste. He is a God of conservation and He will put us to some good use when He calls us hence. This is a well warranted conclusion drawn from all that we know of God, of ourselves, and of this vast and wonderful universe.

"Seekest thou rest, O mortal? seek it no more on earth,
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through the rough wilderness of life;
Seekest thou rest, O immortal? Hope not to find it in heaven,
For sloth yieldeth not happiness; *the bliss of a spirit is action.*"

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